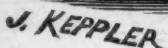


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COLUMBIA—"Here, Uncle, I have brought you a new set of good, honest faces. You will have no cause to be ashamed of these. There is not a *Crédit Mobilier* face among them."



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#### EXIT CONGRESS.

THE close of the session of Congress leaves the political situation substantially as it was at the time of the Fall elections. The Republican majority has done nothing to conciliate the popular opposition nor to regain the confidence of the country. It went to Washington depressed and confused by the political revolution of November, knowing it had received a terrible blow and feeling stunned in consequence, but in great perplexity as to who had hit it. Some laid the blow to the "hard times," others to the third-term, others to the pestiferous newspapers, and others still to a sort of cantankerous condition of the public mind for which there was no more accounting than the freaks of an hysterical woman. The cause of the revolution was simple enough, but too unwelcome to the average Congressman to be regarded by him. It was that the country was tired of him and his ways, and was determined to have a change. The third-term business, the wretched condition of the South, and the character of the President's appointments, all assisted to bring about the popular revolution that fairly stupefied the politicians. Such a manifestation of quiet purpose in the minds of the people is something that upsets the calculations of the shrewdest politician and puts him at sea in his planning. He feels that, after all, the people are not puppets to be used at will, that they will not always dance to his piping, even if he does pipe the old tunes that once set them agog.

Do the best they might, the Republican majority in Congress had a hard job before them, if they attempted to satisfy the popular demand. The country had declared its loss of confidence, and its desire for new men and new methods. There was little time for the development of anything like a new policy, and no great statesmen at hand to use instead of fighting the popular sentiment. So the Republicans fell into their old ways, accepted the old drill-masters, and proceeded as before to stir up new enemies in every direction. Congress adjourns without one act which strengthens the party, or the appearance of a single Republican bold enough to criticise the White House. The Southern question remains as it was, to be the dominant one in the campaign of 1876, and the record of Grant with reference to it must remain as the record of the Republican Party, which by its Congressional representatives is thoroughly committed to the Administration, and cannot disentangle itself from the acts of the Administration.

The confusing reports of the Louisiana Committees assist in making more complicated the situation in that State and more obnoxious the manner and persistence of Federal interference. No "compromise" can now settle the conflict there. As long as Kellogg is Governor of Louisiana, and Federal soldiers are at hand to keep him in his chair, so long the elements of disturbance and the fuel for outbreak will be present, and ready to be stirred up for partisan purposes. Poor Louisiana, like Virginia during the war, must furnish the battlefields on which will be fought the great political fight of the parties. The Wheeler compromise, involving the recognition of Kellogg as Governor and the reseating of the members expelled by the military, has been accepted by the Conservative caucus of the Legislature, under protest, the alternative, in the words of the committee of the caucus, being "either to submit abjectly to an undoubted usurpation, or to plunge the State into a condition of anarchy, in which event they were warned that they would be unrelentingly crushed by the Federal Administration." They add these solemn words: "The rights of our people can only be vindicated, if ever vindicated, by the action of the American people, who may find too late that their own liberties have perished with those of Louisiana." The compromise, therefore, does nothing to permanently settle affairs in Louisiana. The question of Federal interference in the State remains exactly where it was before Congress assembled, and Grant's methods, Congress not having disavowed them, are a part of the record, as they must be of the policy, of the Republican Party when it goes before the country at the next Presidential election. On that national ground the battle of Louisiana rights and wrongs will be fought out. As near

as we can forecast now, the Southern question will be the one on which the country will divide, a question overshadowing with its importance all others, whether of taxation or general administration.

The substantial failure of the method of compromise in Louisiana might easily have been anticipated, for failure it is. A promise exacted under threats of personal violence the law does not hold to be binding, and so this compromise, accepted (if it shall be finally accepted) under threats of being "unrelentingly crushed by the Federal Administration," will not be held by the people as a just or satisfactory settlement of the Louisiana question, binding upon the citizens of the State in the last emergency. It is a temporary expedient for averting a collision which is sure to come at some time. An English-speaking people were never before satisfied with such a treatment of rights they held dear, and they are not likely now to rest quietly under compromise extorted by threats. If Louisiana is not able to govern herself in her own way, and the negroes are unequal to the defense of their own rights, the fact has not yet been proved to the satisfaction of the country. On the contrary, the popular conviction is, that Louisiana left to herself would have done well enough, as well as we do here in New York, and that the whole trouble in the State grows out of a sort of Federal interference antagonistic to our system of Government. The time is not far off when the distressed State will have an opportunity of exhibiting its capacity for self-government, unawed by the presence of Federal soldiers, and undistracted by the intrigues of Federal officials. Until that day comes, compromises will be unavailing to stifle the aspirations of the citizens for full and free control of their own State affairs, and to unsettle their determination to bring about their complete enfranchisement. It is not safe, therefore, to look for quiet at New Orleans, certainly not for anything approaching content or prosperity, or for the removal of the causes of social and political disturbance which can be used for partisan effect by the politicians, until the people of the country have formally registered their determination to grant to the State the same rights which New York and Massachusetts and Illinois enjoy, and to sustain the citizens in undisturbed possession of the same, so long as they continue, as they are now, in a condition of peace.

Congress adjourns amid the profound thankfulness of the nation. In the opinion of the country it has proved itself unequal to the task of restoring peace and prosperity to the South, and has exhibited in its later acts the same incapacity to deal with the important questions of public policy upon which the welfare of both North and South depends, which rendered its earlier acts occasions for the political revolution of last November. Congress had lost public confidence, and it was time for it to go home and repent it of its sins.

#### INCREASED TAXES.

SECRETARY BRISTOW has called on Congress to give him forty millions additional revenue, and Congress has done its best to satisfy him. From the remotest times Governments have usually been bad, and, in proportion to their badness, expensive. Government in all countries is seldom anything better than a necessary evil, and the best measure of the evils and abuses of Governments is their cost in dollars and cents. Debts and taxes measure the cost of a Government, and the effects of debts and taxes are seen in the poverty and oppression of the many, and the profusion and arrogance of the few. These observations are intended specially to apply to Mr. Bristow's modest demand, and generally to the state of things now existing in the country. The Government of New York City, for instance, has not been good, otherwise the city would not be over a hundred million dollars in debt, and afflicted with taxes which take from its citizens thirty million dollars a year. The Government at Washington is not any better, or it would not require three hundred millions a year—for that is less than its cost, including the sums which it receives for carrying the mails, which do not appear, as they should, in the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury. We say nothing of Louisiana, or South Carolina. The Government of our city, and the Governments of nearly all the other great cities of the country, and the Government at Washington likewise, are growing worse instead of better, and the proof of it is that taxes are increasing, and the condition of the governed constantly growing more unendurable. This is a warning which those in power would have done well to heed, and which those who succeed them must attend to.

The growth of a thing can best be shown by a comparison of its present state with that at some former time. Just before the war of the Revolution, or a little more than one hundred years ago, the different civil establishments of all the British Colonies in North America cost the inhabitants, as Adam Smith tells us in the "Wealth of Nations," less than four hundred thousand dollars a year—an ever-memorable example at how small an expense three millions of people may not only be governed, but well governed. The Colonies soon after rebelled against the tyranny of the Home Government, and thirteen of them,

having secured their independence, became the United States of America. During the first twenty-two years of our Government under the present Constitution, from 1789 to the breaking out of the War of 1812, the average annual cost of administering every part of it, including the interest on the public debt, was considerably less than ten million dollars a year. From the end of the War of 1812 down to the close of Jackson's administration in 1837, the average annual expenditure for all purposes was about twenty million dollars, and the entire public debt was paid off. From 1837 to the breaking out of the Mexican War, a period of nine years, the expenditures were kept at an average of about twenty-five millions a year. From the close of the Mexican War to 1861 they rose from forty millions to sixty-five and seventy millions, an increase which shows a great departure from the economical principles on which the Government was administered during the first fifty years of its existence. This departure from the wise policy of those who conducted our affairs in better days was recognized and denounced by the great statesmen who had been longest in public life and stood highest in public estimation. Benton and Calhoun never ceased to protest against the pernicious custom, which began to extend itself in the period referred to, of using public money to advance private and local interests. But in spite of their protests the progress was steady in the direction of centralization and what was called "a strong Government."

Take however the worst year of the period covered by the administrations of Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan, and how fortunate was the lot of the laboring man and taxpayer in comparison with what it is now! The National Government, in place of costing sixty millions, now requires nearly three hundred, exclusive of the postal revenue, and there are good reasons for believing that we have not been told the worst. Thick-and-thin supporters of President Grant's administration, like Mr. Dawes and Mr. Garfield, complacently assure us that the entire additional expenditure is due to the war; but this is a downright falsehood, as we shall easily show. The last full year of Andrew Johnson's administration ended June 30th, 1868. Since then we have had no war, and for the two preceding years we had had none. If any one will take the trouble to compare the official Treasury statements of expenditures of that year, 1868, with those of last year, he will find that, leaving out of both statements the cost and pay of the army, the pensions and bounties to soldiers, and the interest on the public debt, and putting in the cost of the postal service, which can be found in the Postmaster General's report, the cost of the Government is now nearly forty million dollars greater than it was before Grant and his Congresses had anything to do with it. Inefficiency, extravagance, waste, jobbery and robbery are now costing the people of the United States forty million dollars a year more than they did in 1868, for it must be considered that there was no little inefficiency, extravagance, waste, jobbery and robbery six years ago. The state of things to-day is, in short, so much worse than it was seven years ago, that it requires forty millions of public money to make good the difference. Partly for this, and partly to raise a fund for corruption in 1876, the decree has gone forth from the White House that the taxes must be increased. The President and his party are unable to see that the country is already on the verge of bankruptcy. The people note the indifference of their rulers, and it is hopeless for these rulers to contend against their fate. They have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. It is not the currency that is distressing the country so severely, but the taxes. This fact is important, and should not be overlooked. Since 1873 the people have been justified by the financial collapse in demanding reduced expenditures and lower taxes. Congress and the Administration have given them increased expenditures and higher taxes, and the Republican Party might as well be prepared to take the consequences. The gale of November, 1874, was but a zephyr compared with the storm which will break over the heads of Grant and his followers in November, 1876, when the people of America will again assert their independence, and shatter the temples of arbitrary power, once more proclaiming in tones of thunder to all the world their title to recognition as a free nation.

#### THE PERIL OF THE HOUR.

NEVER was there a darker or more dangerous period in the history of the United States than this closing year of the century of our political existence. One hundred years ago a few ill-armed yeomen threw down the gauntlet at the feet of a despotic power enthroned three thousand miles away; not that the British Government was then essentially despotic, for it was the freest and most liberal Government on the face of Europe, with the sole exception, of course, of the little mountain-girt Republic of Switzerland, but that it denied those rights to the American Colonists, which it dared not infringe as to its subjects at home. That was an hour of peril; but Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill, gave omen of ultimate success, for the light of those days of battle revealed the spirit of popular liberty

which is always invincible, and the result verified the prognostic.

There was another hour of national peril when the "meteor flag of England," streaming over her "famed thousand ships," was again flaunted in the face of the young republic, but went down before the starry banner in many a grim encounter on the ocean. Yet even a series of lost battles on sea and land would never have led to the inthrallment of our people or the overthrow of our republican institutions.

The third great national peril was the late rebellion, but the first gun on Sumter, producing the uprising of the North, proved to the world that we should finally succeed in plucking the "flower, safety" from the "nettle, danger." Democratic bayonets streamed to the front; for in that day, as in the case of a fire, men did not halt to inquire who were the incendiaries, but bent themselves to the task of extinguishing the conflagration. The first regiment which marched from Massachusetts through Baltimore was largely, if not exclusively, composed of Democrats. And the "sacred bayonets" of the Democracy had a right to be there, for, up to that time, the most distinctive feature of the Democratic Party, as against all opposition parties, under whatever name, was its devotion to the Union—its determination that it must and should be preserved. On the other hand, in the war of 1812, the attitude of New England was that of quasi-rebellion against the Government; and the heirs of the Hartford Convention, up to the time of Mr. Lincoln's election, spoke of secession from the South with the utmost coolness as a question of expediency. One Republican orator, afterwards a failure as a major-general in the field, dismissed the trifling subject in the slangy phrase, "Let the Union slide!" And Mr. Lowell, the Republican poet, in the character of Hosea Bigelow, wrote:

"If I'd my way, I had rather  
 We should go to work and part,  
 They take one way, we take t'other;  
 Guess it wouldn't break my heart.  
 Man had ought to put asunder  
 Them that God has noways joined,  
 And I shouldn't gretly wonder  
 If there's thousands o' my mind."

Still, the war once engaged in, Democrats and Republicans fought shoulder to shoulder throughout the struggle, the former being rewarded by the degradation of their favorite general, the idol of the whole army, because he shared their political principles. By the active union, however, of men of all parties, the war was ended, and the fortunate victor of its last days, crowned with laurels, was elevated to the highest office in the gift of the nation, proclaiming that his policy was peace, as Louis Napoleon declared, "*L'Empire, c'est la paix*"; the declarations being equally false in both cases. Thus the third great peril of the nation passed away, leaving our republican institutions intact.

But a greater peril is now upon us. What foreign arms and domestic violence failed to accomplish, the man twice honored by the nation with its Chief Magistracy, loaded with gifts, has achieved. With a dogged defiance of all precedent, he has provided all his relatives, many of them undeserving and incompetent, with offices; he has taken to his counsels men who ought to be serving their terms in the State Prison; he has driven from the legislative halls of a sister State, by the point of his Pratorian bayonets, representatives legally elected by the people, and through his subservient followers in Congress he has menaced the suspension of the writ of Habeas Corpus, the great bulwark and second *Magna Charta* of British liberty, and no less of American than of British liberty, providing, as Sir William Blackstone says, "that no freeman shall be seized or imprisoned but by the judgment of his equals or the law of the land."

The invasion and subjugation of Arkansas, and the suspension of the writ of Habeas Corpus, are crimes in embryo, contingent but imminent perils, disclosing a wicked *animus*, and sufficient to alarm every honest citizen of the Republic. But the invasion of the legislative halls of Louisiana is an accomplished fact, a blot upon our national record, which can only be expunged by the condign punishment of the author. In other days it would have been deemed high-treason, its perpetrator condemned as an arch-rebel, and the crime visited by chains or death. In our land and day we have a surer and nobler instrument of punishment—the ballot-box. The pacific revolution by which is to be overthrown a bold, bad, incompetent and ungrateful man, who has dragged down the country that has loaded him with such honors as were not bestowed on Washington to the very verge of bankruptcy, ruin and disgrace, has already commenced, and it will not move backward. But from this time to the day of the Presidential contest it behooves every honest man who can write, speak, or labor in any way or shape to be vigilant and active in opposition; so shall we emerge from our last and greatest peril victorious, and proudly celebrate our Centennial birthday.

#### GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

Monday..... (Holiday) | Thursday....114½ @ 114½  
 Tuesday.....114½ @ 114½ | Friday.....114½ @ 114½  
 Wednesday....114½ @ 114½ | Saturday....114½ @ 114½



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

WILLIAM HEFORTH DIXON sailed for England, February 27th, by the steamer *Adriatic*. Will this veteran traveler chronicle his latest impression of America in a new book?

THE PORTS ALDRICH and STEDMAN are winging their way to milder climes—the former in Europe, and the latter in picturesque Jamaica. Let us hope that both will in due time return with restored health and fresh songs.

"GOING TO EUROPE" already begins to be talked about by many people, and a large exodus is predicted for the coming Spring and Summer. But next year the Centennial will keep the patriotic fashions at home, and the great tide of travel will be from, rather than to, Europe.

ENGLAND seems to have settled the question of the relative value of the white and the black man by accepting from Spain through Earl Derby, as an indemnity for the *Virginian* outrage on British subjects, £500 sterling for each white, and £300 sterling for each black, man murdered.

ROME, the mistress of the world, when enslaved by tyrants and oppressed by a military government, had reason to deplore the success of its arms, and to look back with regret on those happy times when its power did not reach beyond Italy, or even when its dominion was almost confined within the circuit of its walls.

PRESIDENT GRANT's reported statement at a Cabinet meeting that there would be no extra session of Congress, whether the Appropriation Bills pending were passed or not, must please Congressmen of all parties, for the additional labor and expense to which an extra session would subject them would not augment their annual salary.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, if only by its name, was entitled to celebrate Washington's birthday, and its leading citizens "made their title clear" by an enthusiastic celebration, to which speeches by Colonel Granville P. Hawes, Hon. Germain Hanschel, W. N. Armstrong, Rev. Henry Braun, Rev. H. H. Birkins, C. Shaffer and Professor Peet, and songs by Mr. Stein, lent unwonted zest.

PUBLIC OPINION is unerringly indicated by these words from the Boston *Herald* (Independent): "The people mean to arrest the tendency of extravagance and corruption, and they call to account the men who have proved unworthy stewards. It is not merely a change of party they want, but a change of administration from extravagance and corruption to honesty and economy."

GOOD ADVICE TO THE SOUTH is given in the following paragraph from the St. Louis *Republican* (Independent): "Let the Southern people leave the Administration and the Republican Party to the angry North, with nothing to divert or distract it in the reckoning; let them remain silent and passive while the reckoning goes on—and the next Presidential election will be to the Republican Party simply a day of judgment."

THE AVERAGE CONGRESSMAN is thus severely but truthfully "lectured" by the *Nation* (Independent): "Those engaged in legislation at Washington seem to have a very small idea of the suspicion with which their acts are regarded by the majority of the people outside, who have gradually come in these latter days, rightly or wrongly, to regard the average Congressman (in the absence of proof of innocence) as a sort of 'habitual criminal.'"

THE MISSISSIPPI INVESTIGATION, like that in Alabama, has produced two reports, each strongly colored with the political opinions of its signers. Some of the statements of the majority-report have been flatly contradicted by the testimony of the press during the progress of the investigation. But they still served certain Congressmen as pretexts for voting in favor of the Caucus Force Bill.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLUTIONS are by no means bloodless. From Bolivia, the accounts of the taking of La Paz by the Quevedo revolutionists are extraordinarily shocking. The victims numbered more than seven hundred, including women, children, old men and citizens. Uncontrolled pillage was carried on during four days. Quevedo at length arrived, and order was restored.

SENATOR BOOTH, it is said, will not take his seat during the extra session of the Senate. He pledged himself publicly, when a candidate for the Senatorship, to serve out his full term for Governor in case he were elected, and that will keep him in California until next December. It is a serious question whether the country can afford to have him keep his pledge. Such men as he are likely to be much needed in the session which began on March 4th.

THE OLD ADAGE, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody some good," was illustrated the other day when the same wind which blew down Shaw's high overhanging wall upon the roof of St. Andrew's Church, with such fatal consequences, safely set afloat the steamer *Queen*, of the National Line, and the French steamer *France*, of the Transatlantic Line, both of which had been driven ashore in the dense fog—the first at Squan Rock, on the Jersey shore, and the second off Long Branch.

"He would be crown'd—

... But 'tis a common proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scornful the base degrees  
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may;  
Then, lest he may, prevent."

—Julius Cæsar, Act II., Scene I.

MR. CHARLES G. LELAND is an author as versatile as he is industrious and witty. Now he sings the songs of Hans Breitman, and now he talks in the Gypsy dialect. The latest news of his literary adventures is that he has in press a work to be published simultaneously in London and in New York, entitled "Fu-Sang; or, The Discovery of America by Chinese Buddhist Priests in the Fifth

Century." The Norsemen had already stripped Christopher Columbus of almost all his laurels, and now the Buddhist Priests will despoil him of the rest.

BUREAUCRACY IN FRANCE is famous for its traditional pigeon-holing of minutiae. But excess in anything has its inconveniences, and all the statisticians of the French Department of the Interior were recently worried to death for a month over a return in a report on eggs—by which it appeared that there were so many millions of eggs and a half laid in a certain district. How that half egg got in no one could tell, and it had to be hunted down. Finally it was traced to a conscientious farmer, one of whose hens had laid an egg on the line of division between his department and another.

ABOVE IDLE GOSSIP, scandal-mongering, business chaffering, grumbling about bad weather and hard times, and the noise of political disputation, it is refreshing to hear a voice in favor of poetry. Rev. W. R. Alger concluded an eloquent lecture on "The Nature and Uses of Poetry" before the Liberal Club, February 18th, by saying: "In age, when the prizes of life lose their value, poetry becomes the twin-sister of religion, and restores a belief in the ideal and the eternal. When depressed and faltering, worn and weary, we renew ourselves at these founts of eternal truth, which, if they do not keep us young, can always make us so."

BILLS FOR THE ADMISSION OF COLORADO AND NEW MEXICO as States were passed by the Senate, February 24th. But even if this admission should be effected, it is by no means certain that the avowed purpose of Republicans in striving thus to secure for their party four more Senatorial votes would be attained. It is asserted that Colorado is much more likely to go Democratic than Republican, and President Grant is counting at least one more chicken than is yet hatched if he hopes that his cherished wish to seat Brother-in-law Casey in the Senate from Louisiana will be more successfully duplicated by the ambition of Brother-in-law Dent to be seated as Senator from New Mexico.

THE DREADFUL DISASTER at St. Andrew's Church on the evening of February 25th demands immediate and thorough investigation. Citizens of every class in the community are vitally concerned in the legal question of responsibility for the culpable or criminal carelessness which is almost always the cause of such terrible accidents. In this particular case, the owner of the building which fell, its builder, the Inspector of Buildings, and even the church authorities, must share the burden of responsibility until justice shall determine to whom it strictly belongs. The dramatic coincidence between the preacher's warning as to the uncertainty of life, and the fatal crash which suddenly emphasized it, lends universal human interest to the deplorable catastrophe.

MAYOR WICKHAM disclaims the dubious honor of having revived an almost obsolete law of 1828 against the use of masks at balls and parties. Doubtless the mask may be abused by evil-minded persons, and so may the veil. But utterly to proscribe one or the other would be absurd, although the right and the duty of the police to break up or to prevent a "disorderly assemblage" is unquestionable. Two or three years ago several of the most respected members of our community were rudely maltreated on the occasion of a Purim ball by an injudicious attempt to revive the old law of 1828. A similar blunder seems to have been made by the police *masquerade* on the occasion of the Grand Opera Ball at the Academy of Music, February 24th.

A REPUBLIC IN FRANCE was formally proclaimed twenty-seven years ago by her Assembly. On the 25th of February, the present Assembly, thanks to the alliance between the Republicans and the Constitutional Monarchists, and notwithstanding the formal protest of Legitimists and Bonapartists, passed the bill for organizing the public powers. This bill, by implication at least, saves and consecrates the republican principle, which can now be destroyed only by a revolution. A Senate has been created, the powers of Marshal MacMahon have been confirmed, and the Republic, in fact as well as in name, has been restored by a vote of 433 yeas to 262 nays. Although it is reported that M. Buffet has declined to form a Ministry, yet this and other minor difficulties of the situation will probably not prevent it from being regarded as very hopeful by all friends of the French Republic.

ONE OF THE QUEEREST DUELS on record was fought at Paris in 1803 between M. Grandpré and M. Le Pique. They fought in balloons, each accompanied by his second, and each armed with a blunderbuss to shoot at his antagonist's balloon. The ascension was from the garden of the Tuileries, and the throng of spectators was immense. The balloons were cut loose at the same moment, and as there was little wind, they rose together, keeping about their original distance of eighty yards apart. At half a mile above the earth the firing began. Le Pique's shot missed, and Le Grandpré's passed through his enemy's balloon, which collapsed, and Le Pique and his second were dashed to pieces on striking the earth. Why doesn't M. Clemenceau, or somebody else, challenge M. Paul de Cassagnac to a similar balloon duel? Even M. Paul de Cassagnac might hesitate to accept such a challenge, and thus, at least, that braggadocio's wind-bag of vanity might be pricked.

ENGLISH EXPERIENCE of the system of transmitting packages and letters from place to place through pneumatic tubes has not proven that this can be done with such rapidity as to justify the immediate introduction of the system here. It has generally been supposed that parcels and missives can be thus transmitted at something less than at the rate of a mile in one minute. That not even a high rate of speed can be attained is shown by the operation of the pneumatic tubes now used in London, where they have a line for carrying large packages and mail-bags, and a large number of small tubes for sending telegraph messages. The messages are placed in carriers which are driven through the tubes by an air-pressure produced

by six air-pumps worked by three fifty-horse engines. But when the length of the tube is only one mile the best through-time made is not better than three minutes, and in longer tubes the speed is proportionately slower. It has been found that tubes made of lead work much better than iron tubes, as the interior of the lead remains smooth.

WHEN SHERIDAN—not the American soldier, but the witty member of the British Parliament—rose in his seat to speak upon the use of the military in the riots of 1780, he used the following language: "If this doctrine was to be laid down that the crown could give orders to the military to interfere, when, where, and for what length of time it please, then we might bid farewell to freedom. If this was the law, then we should be reduced to a military government of the very worst species, in which we should have all the evils of a despotic State without the discipline or the security. But we are given to understand that we had the best protection against this evil in the virtue, the moderation, and the constitutional principles of the sovereign. No man upon the earth thought with more reverence than himself of the virtues and moderation of the sovereign; but this was a species of liberty which he trusted would never disgrace an English soil. The liberty that rested upon the virtuous inclination of any one man was but suspended despotism; the sword was not, indeed, upon their necks, but it hung by the small and brittle thread of human will." With what great force do these words apply to the bayonet rule of the present in this country!

THE GERMAN CIVIL MARRIAGE BILL has been passed by 207 votes against 72. This is another important step taken by the German Parliament in that secularization of the Empire of which Prince Bismarck's war against the Catholic Church is only a part. The Bavarian Bishops have protested against the introduction of the new law into Bavaria. At present, in Germany, a woman must have the consent of her father if she marries before the age of 24; a man, if he marries before 25. But "women-suffragists" will be shocked to hear the mother's consent is not required unless the father is dead. The original Marriage Bill has been altered in the following particulars: The marriageable age for men and women has been changed respectively from 18 and 14 to 20 and 16 years. Marriage without parental consent is lawful when the man has reached 25 years and the woman 24; the original Bill proposed 30 and 24 years. An appeal can be taken to the courts in case of an unreasonable refusal by parents or guardians to give consent. An unsuccessful attempt was made to add the entry of the cause of death to the compulsory registration clause. Difference of creeds between the parties, or vows of celibacy, will not render marriage illegal. Dispensations from the barriers to marriage are in future to come from the State.

IT IS NOT SURPRISING that the rich and powerful body of Nonconformists should have erected in London the Memorial Hall and Library dedicated on the 19th of January by the Congregational Union of England and Wales, or that Dissenters generally, and even many Churchmen, should have subscribed towards building it. Designed to commemorate the fidelity to conscience of the 2,000 ministers ejected from their livings by the Act of Uniformity of 1662, it is built upon a part of the site of the old Fleet Prison. The building, which is very large, contains a hall capable of accommodating 1,000 persons, a library, conference and board rooms, and 25 offices for the various religious societies of the Congregationalists. It was erected at a cost of £72,000, of which sum over £70,000 has been subscribed. But why it should have been built in the Gothic style of architecture, which is so intimately connected, by association of ideas, with the pointed arches and "storied windows richly light" of the old Church of England, out of which the Nonconformists came, and of the still older Church of Rome, passes our comprehension. But, perhaps, the fact is but an indication of progress towards the development of a Church of the Future, that shall embrace all that is pure and spiritual in primitive Christianity, all that is æsthetically impressive in medieval art and ceremonial, and all that is true in advanced modern thought.

WORSE AND WORSE.—The majority and the minority reports of the Congressional Committee appointed to investigate the affairs of Louisiana, just made public, will convince the incredulous that all we have heretofore said, and elsewhere say, of the crowning infamy of General Grant in his recent invasion of the Legislature of a State was a mild and gentle comment compared to the branding denunciation it deserved and will receive at the hands of the people. Although the two reports differ in their portrayal of the general aspect of affairs in Louisiana, still they coincide in the vitally important statement that the Returning Board deliberately and designedly bestowed legislative seats on men who were not entitled to them, and deprived others, Conservatives, of membership to which they had a just claim. From the majority report it appears that the registration of the colored people was four thousand in excess of the census, and that of the whites ten thousand below it. These facts are the more appalling from the source which authenticates them; and it was to sustain a fraud known to every intelligent man in Louisiana, and now officially exposed, that Grant sent his bayonets into the State Legislature, and that his lieutenant branded the outraged citizens as "banditti." Never before were the gentlemen and soldiers of the Republic compelled to execute an order so atrocious as that which originated with the Chief Magistrate.

"FATHER COROT," as he was affectionately termed by the French artists, died at Paris, February 24th, nearly eighty years of age. He was well known by reputation in this country, though only a few examples of his work ever reached us: one, we recall, in the first exhibition of the French Aquafortist's Society in this city. Corot was a revolutionist in landscape-painting, his aim being to present the soul, the sentiment of nature, subordinating the objective to the subjective, the real to the ideal. In practice he often carried his theory to the extent of sup-

pressing all detail and almost all form. In some of his productions a vague chaos of low-toned color, destitute of all definition, was supposed to depict the dominant idea of some idyllic scene in nature, and the mystic artist and his proselytes actually beheld this sentiment in the nebulous pigments smeared over the canvas. We are here speaking particularly of some of his later works—the result of a certain artistic fanaticism. A large number of his productions, however, are free from the obtrusive expression of his theory, and unquestionably he exerted a powerful and favorable influence on the modern school of landscape, and, with the aid of some other artists, put an end to the reign of prettiness, pettiness and minute manipulation in art, teaching the younger men what *not* to see in the features of nature. Among his pupils, François, in our opinion, is the one who has most happily hit the just medium between transcendental vagueness and realistic detail. D'Aubigny belongs to the school of Corot, and the lamented Theodore Rousseau adopted some of its best traits. Corot's genius was amply recognized by the French public and Government. He was the recipient of several medals, and an officer of the Legion of Honor.

PHILADELPHIA, says our special correspondent in that city, is terribly in earnest. From the Schuylkill to the Delaware, the industrial pulse throbs with a fierce pride. The City of Penn., brick-built, quaint, and temperate, is preparing to show the Union what she can do when she has a mind. Philadelphia may fairly be said to have "Centennial on the brain" already. The building for the great fair is in progress, and the great "show" deserves to be the success we have no doubt whatever it will be. On Monday night, February 22d a very pretty entertainment in aid of the Centennial enlivened the Academy and the Horticultural Hall, the two large buildings being connected by a covered bridge. They were filled to overflowing by a gayly attired and fashionable crowd. Everything was under the control of the Women's Centennial Committee, the ladies of each ward presiding over a stand named after some country to be represented in the exhibition, and decorated with the flags and products of the nation indicated. The effect in the Hall was very striking. France joined with her sister republic America, Mexico and Scotland taking first honors, the latter being aided by a real piper, whose funeral we should have been glad to attend, such discordant music did he discourse. It was noticeable that the meanest stand was that devoted to England. In the foyer of the Academy, Persia excelled all other countries: charming girls in Oriental costume dispensed the fragrant sherbet, and could the Shah have been present he would have smiled his benignant satisfaction. Near by was Bohemia, very prettily illustrated by gypsies, fowls, and other appurtenances of a vagabond life. Dancing was kept up till one. Philadelphia is a big city, but lamentably deficient in hotel accommodation. When the rush comes to the Centennial, where will the public be housed? The Continental has enough to do at present, and that very excellent house, the Colonnade would require to be double in size if it was called upon to accommodate more than its usual customers. More caravansaries must be built, if the man who was first in war, first in peace, and the last to have a statue, is to be fairly and comfortably honored in '76.

CROSS-QUESTIONING is an art which, according to thoughtful Philip Quilbet in the March number of the *Galaxy*—(an excellent number, by-the-by)—lawyers fancy they have brought to special perfection, but which, nevertheless, some recent trials suggest, is, among many of them, still in a primitive state. For instance, to cite but one of Philip's specifications, the witness is often cross-questioned as if from a vague, absurd hope that he will flatly contradict what he has just before said. It seems wiser to let a witness alone, unless you can make something out of him by cross-questioning. A jury's sympathy is not often with the man who has all the advantage of position in the dialogue between lawyer and witness; and if the former is baffled (especially if the witness affects an occasional retort), the weight of the direct testimony is doubled. Ought a good cross-examiner to trust anything to experiment or luck? Ought he to give openings for repartee? Ought he not to avoid the fashion of repeating the direct examination, in a merely tentative way, considering that this course sometimes results in filling up omitted details of the direct testimony, supplying needed links, and perhaps making the whole picture more striking and persuasive? The skillful cross-examination would seem to be that which forces the denied answers; as, in certain stages of a game of chess, the stronger player forces the successive moves of his antagonist. A great lawyer should know before he puts each question of importance (for preparatory ones we need not discuss) pretty nearly how that question must necessarily be answered, and that this answer will at once and in due time help his case. Questions that cannot be planned and marshaled in this way are worse than useless. Whole stages of the direct testimony which cannot be weakened by cross-examination had better be left to the chance of eclipse by the well-selected points that are touched, and on which a new light is thrown. Should this plan reduce cross-examinations from two or three days to as many hours, or from two or three hours to twenty minutes, at least every hour and minute would tell on the desired side, instead of on the other. To discern what not to cross-examine about is no less important than to know what to cross-examine about, and perhaps is a rarer kind of wisdom.

## OBITUARY RECORD.

FEBRUARY 10th.—At Islington, England, Rev. Luke A. Wiseman, President of the Wesleyan Conference in 1872.

"22d.—At London, Sir Charles Lyell, distinguished geologist and popularizer of scientific study, aged 78.

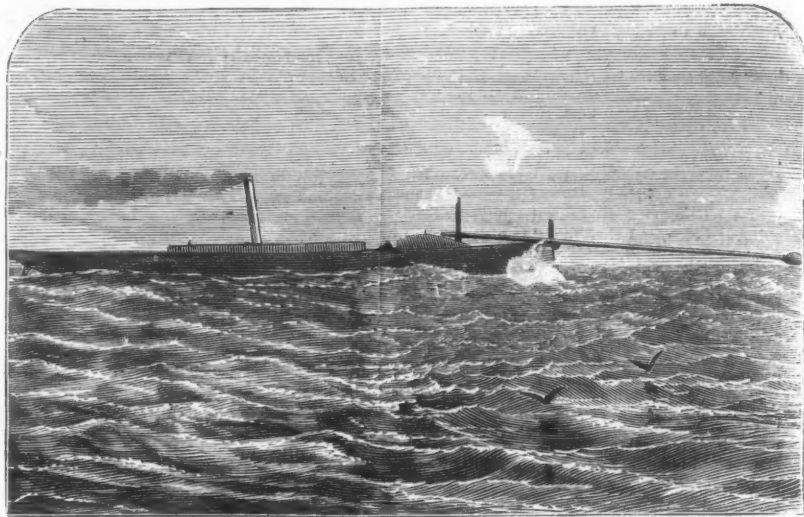
"24th.—In Paris, Jean-Baptiste Corot, eminent landscape artist, aged 79.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 7.



CHINA.—THE MANCHU MILITARY POLICE FORCE RECENTLY ORGANIZED AT YINGTzu UNDER CAPTAIN MAN.



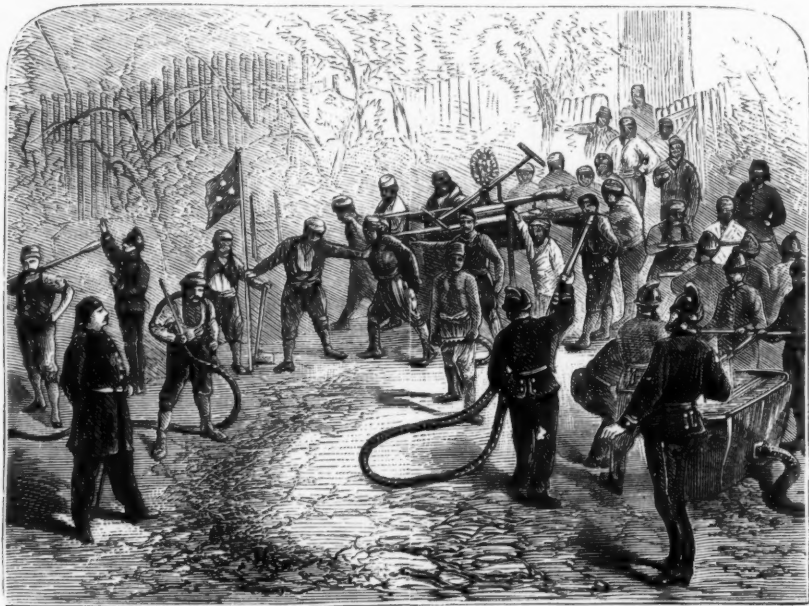
ENGLAND.—A NEW TORPEDO LAUNCH BUILT FOR THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.



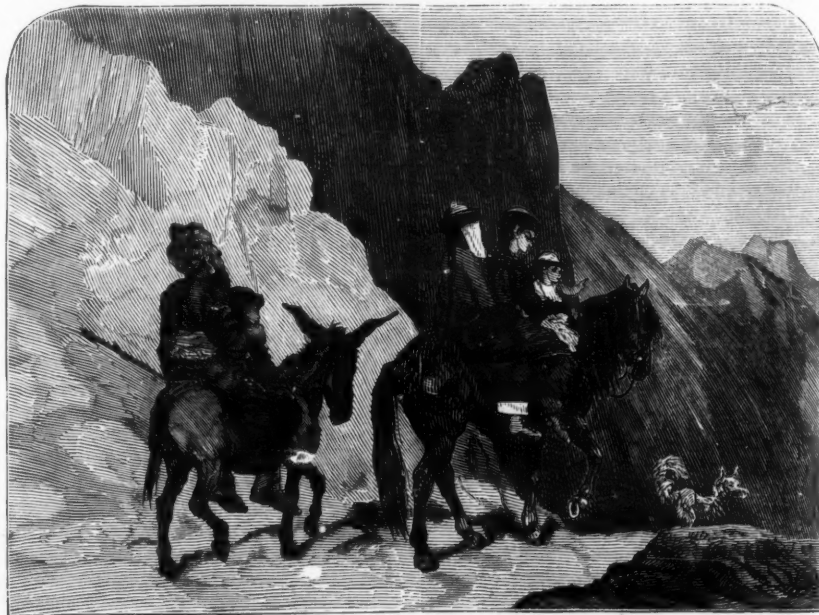
FRANCE.—THE CITY LOAN OF PARIS.—INTERIOR OF THE SUBSCRIPTION OFFICES IN THE COURT OF THE LUXEMBOURG.



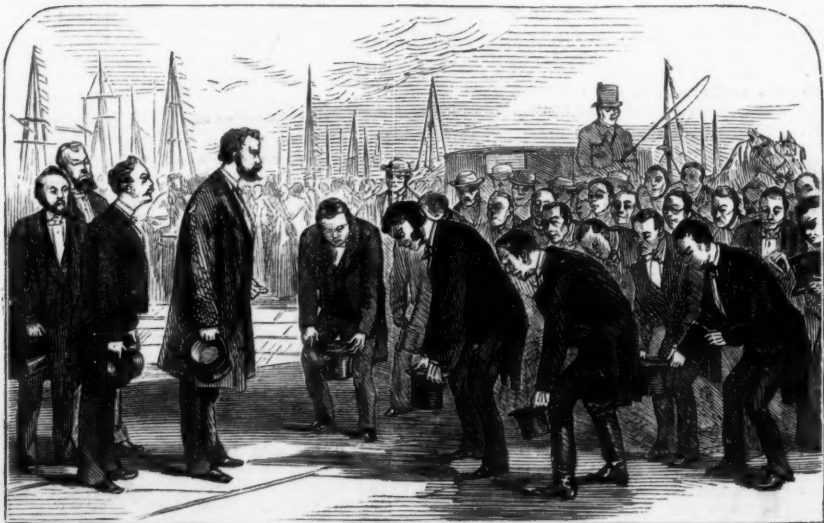
SPAIN.—THE TROOPS PASSING BEFORE KING ALFONSO XII., AT HIS TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO MADRID, JANUARY 14TH, 1875.



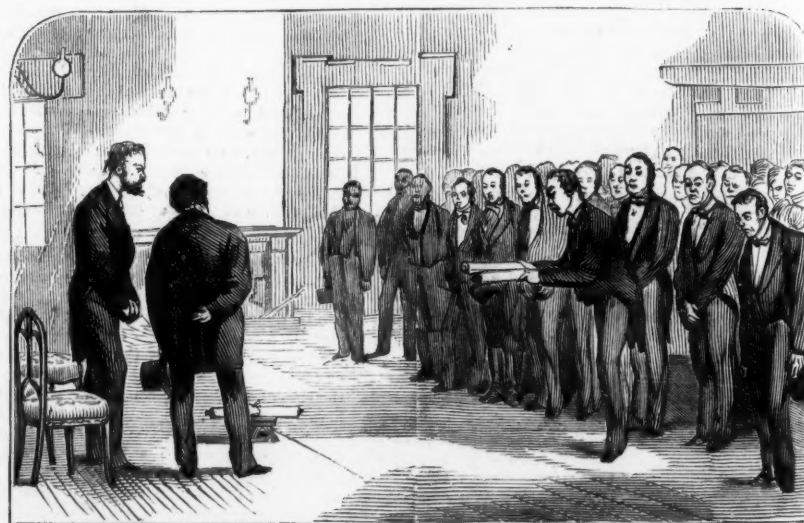
TURKEY.—REORGANIZATION OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT IN CONSTANTINOPLE BY A COMPANY OF RUSSIAN FIREMEN.



CENTRAL ASIA.—GOING TO MARKET IN EASTERN TURKESTAN.

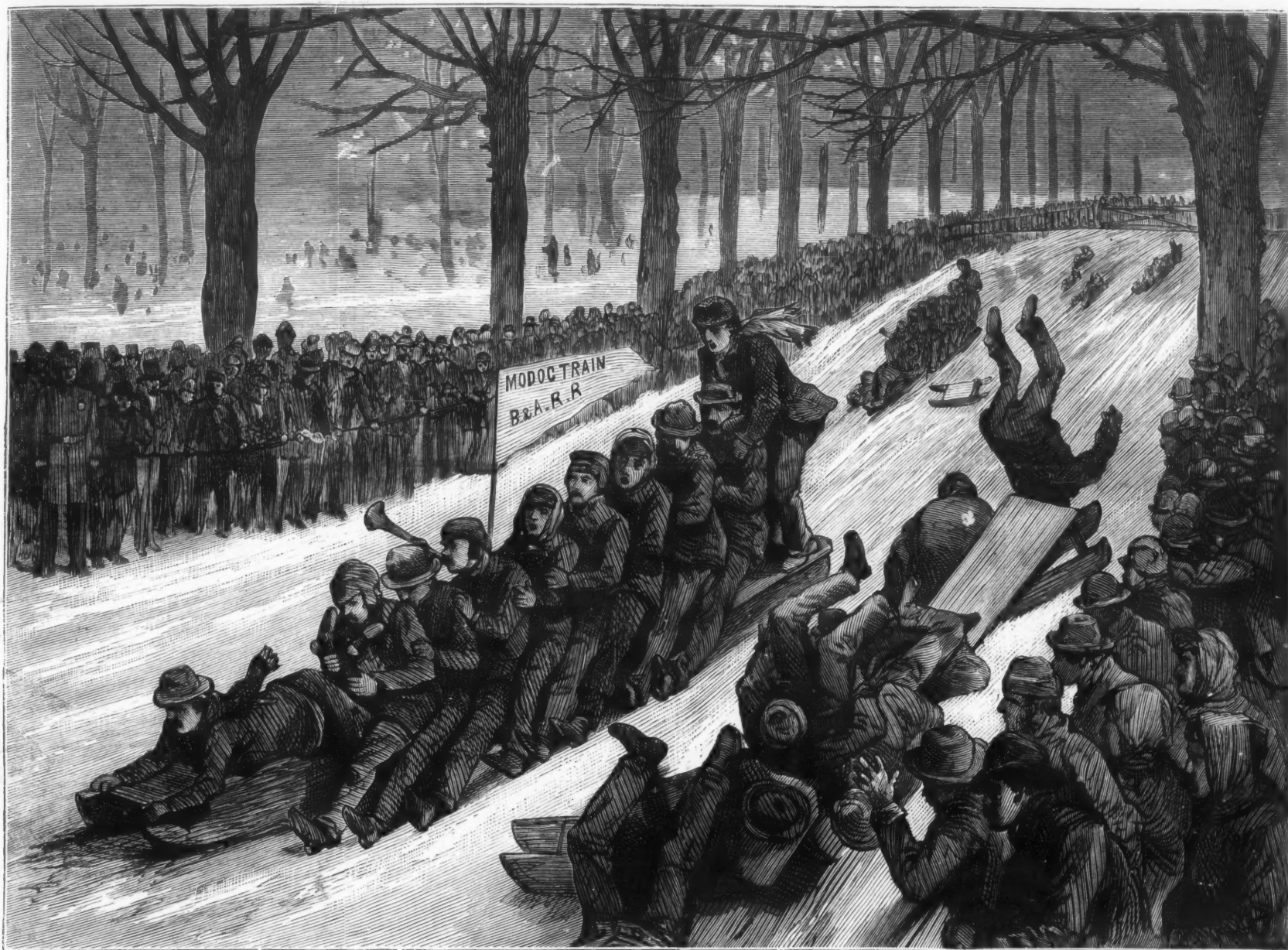


JAPAN.—LANDING OF OKUBO, THE JAPANESE ENVOY, ON HIS RETURN FROM A SUCCESSFUL MISSION TO CHINA.



JAPAN.—READING AN ADDRESS TO OKUBO, IN THE TOWN-HALL AT YOKOHAMA





A WINTER SCENE IN MASSACHUSETTS.—COASTING ON BOSTON COMMON.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. R. MORSE.

COASTING ON BOSTON COMMON.

THE first salutation of the intelligent Bostonian for several weeks was, "Have you seen the coasters?" and, if a negative reply was made, the stranger would be directed to the Common. There the liveliest scenes of boyhood were witnessed at all hours of the day and early evening. The vehicles are known among boys as "double-runners," and consist of two sleds connected by a plank. They hold from ten to fifteen persons, and as they dashed down the icy incline the boys, under pretense of warning pedestrians, made the most fearful noise with tin horns and bells of nearly every size and tone. A few weeks ago much objection was raised to the amusement, and the boys appealed to Mayor Cobb, who, with the assurance that he had been a boy when quite young, not only gave them the fullest permission to coast to their hearts' content, but gave orders by which the road was kept in good order. Every night snow was shoveled on the course, and then watered, and where paths intersected it bridges were built, so that the boys became the real autocrats of the Hub.

CHAO-PHYA-PHRA-CHROMA-WA-NA,  
THE SECOND KING OF SIAM.

EUROPEAN and American journals have altogether exaggerated the news which a tele-



CHAO-PHYA-PHRA-CHROMA-WA-NA, THE SECOND KING OF SIAM.

gram from Singapore brought to London, about a month ago, that a serious conflict had arisen between the First King and the Second King of Siam.

Certain English journals have expended a good deal of cheap wit about their Siamese Majesties having quarreled, not like the "two kings of Brentford, smelling at one nose-gay." We are assured by one of our contributors, who is himself a Siamese Mandarin of the Third Class, Luang-

Thoué-Hanc-Raxat (General G. d'Abain), that the difficulty between the two Kings of Siam was but slight and temporary. It arose from some trifling disagreement, of a kind frequently occurring at Oriental courts, between the Second King, Chao-PHYA-PHRA-CHROMA-WA-NA, and the Regent, Chao-PHYA-SOMDETCH-SRY-SURI-WONSE-WAY-WAND-PHRA-KALAHOM, as to a question of etiquette at a religious ceremony. The Second King took one side

of the question and the Regent the other. The Princes of the Royal Family and the Senators not venturing to interfere, appeal was made to the Supreme King, who decided in favor of his Regent, whose little daughter, by-the-by, is a special favorite with him. The question was thus settled. The Second King, who speaks English perfectly, went, after three days' grumbling within his palace, to recount his griefs to his intimate friend,

Mr. Knox, the British Consul-General, who was for several years instructing-officer for the troops of the predecessor, and father, of the Second King. Mr. Knox consoled his royal visitor, who retired from the British Consulate in a happier state of mind. For the rest, in no event whatever could the Second King of Siam contest the authority of the First King, Somdetch-Chao-PHYA-PHRA-Paramendr-Chula-Long-Korn, inasmuch as the former is simply the Minister of the latter. Notwithstanding his traditional royal title, he does not share the sovereignty of the First King. Moreover, the Second King is the cousin, and not, as the daily newspapers mistake in saying, the son, of the First King, who is only twenty-two years old. The Second King, whose portrait we give, is thirty-four years of age.

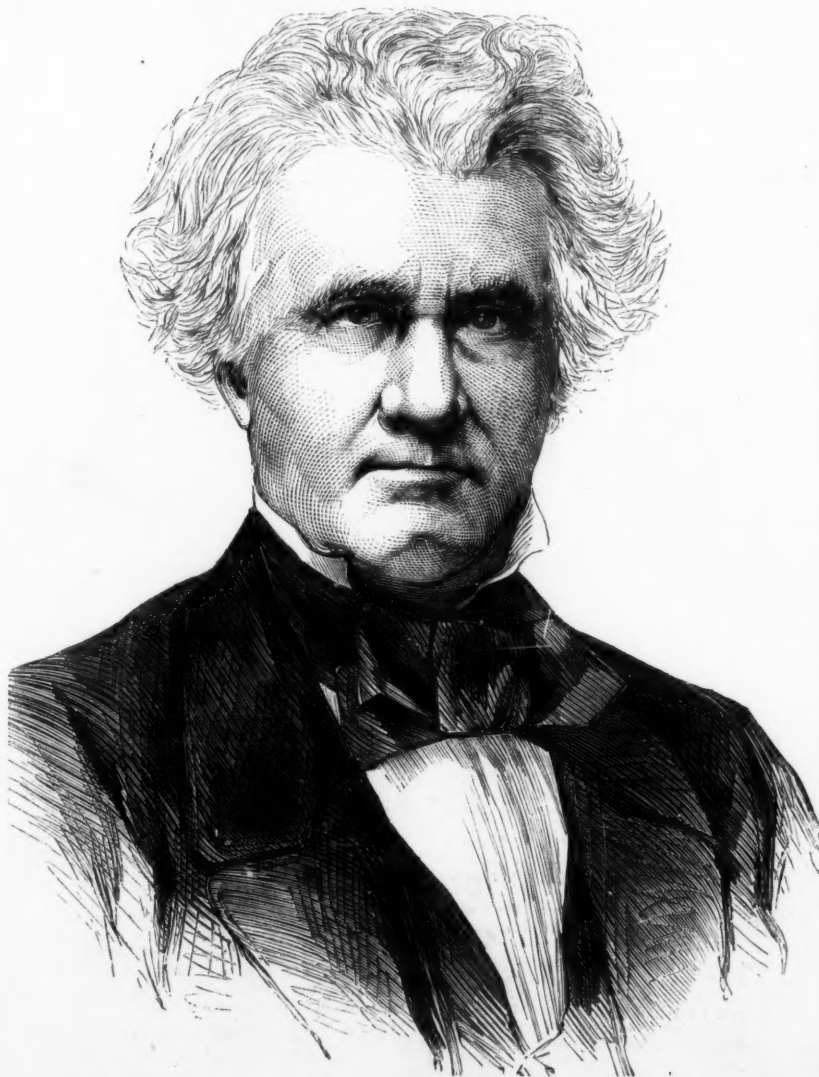
THE LATE SHEPHERD KNAPP.

MR. SHEPHERD KNAPP, for many years a leading business man and one of the prominent citizens of New York, died at his residence at Washington Heights on Monday, February 22d. He was born in Worthington, Mass., January 7th, 1795. He came to this city at the age of fourteen, a poor boy, and entered the office of his cousin, Mr. Gideon Lee, a leather merchant. When quite a young man he was admitted to the firm, and continued in the leather business until 1838, when he was elected President of the Mechanics' Bank, which position



RIGHT HONORABLE SPENCER CAVENTISH, MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, THE NEW LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.—SEE PAGE 7.

he held until about a year ago. His administration of the affairs of the bank was remarkably successful, and he gained a high reputation as an upright and intelligent business man. Mr. Knapp took an active interest in many of the religious and charitable institutions of the city, and at the time of his death was a Director of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and also of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Criminals.



THE LATE SHEPHERD KNAPP, AN EMINENT MERCHANT OF NEW YORK CITY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOGARDUS IN 1866.



## BEYOND RECALL.

BY  
MRS. MARY E. BRADLEY.

THERE was a time when Death and I  
Met face to face together;  
I was but young indeed to die,  
And it was Summer weather;  
One happy year a wedded wife,  
Yet I was slipping out of life.

You knelt beside me, and I heard,  
As from some far-off distance,  
A bitter cry that dimly stirred  
My soul to make resistance.  
You thought me dead; you called my name,  
And back from Death itself I came.

But oh! that you had made no sign—  
That I had heard no crying!  
For now the yearning voice is mine,  
And there is no replying:  
Death never could so cruel be  
As Life—and you—have proved to me!

## DECITFUL APPEARANCES.

WE—that is my wife and myself—were enjoying a few weeks at one of the large hotels that are so numerous dotted along the Mediterranean coast. It might have been at Hyères, Cannes, or Nice, at Monaco or Mentone, Bordighera, or San Remo, Savona or Pegli; or it might have been at one of all these. We had been staying—it is sufficient to say—at the Hôtel du Bon Vivant about a week, when there appeared at the table-d'hôte a very striking personage. As soon as dinner was over, my wife found herself (by accident) near the visitors' book, and discovered that the new arrival had entered himself as the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernelle. We were chiefly English at the hotel, there was no Italian there, and our acquaintance with the national Burke was limited; so we easily accepted the theory that this lengthy appellation was one of the most ancient titles in the land. We were subsequently informed by the baron that it was Sicilian, which made our ignorance the more excusable.

I don't think it was his title, or, at least, it was only that, which made us all so charmed with him. It must have been his "noble bearing, his perfect manners, his evident desire to please, his modest evasion of all topics bearing on his own career, and his handsome face. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, his black hair was as glossy as a raven's plumage, and his black, flashing eyes betrayed a passionate soul; while his thick mustache framed, rather than concealed, a smile that irradiated his intellectual countenance with sweetness and light." Such, at least, was the description of him in one of my wife's letters to my mother-in-law; and I am glad I happened to look into that letter, as it has saved me some little trouble in attempting to describe him in words of my own.

The baron mixed very little with his own countrymen, and, as I ventured to suggest to my wife, seemed rather shy of them. He never went to the public amusements, and declined to subscribe to the *Circolo*. She explained to me, in reply, that he was the only nobleman in the place, and was, perhaps, a little haughty towards his compatriots of a lower rank. He had also informed her himself that he had selected our hotel for the express purpose of mixing with the English, as he was expecting shortly to receive a government appointment, and for the better discharge of his prospective duties a little knowledge of English was desirable.

I should have mentioned before that I only speak my own language; but my wife can converse in Italian with ease and fluency, and the baron very naturally talked with her a good deal, and occasionally condescended to speak to me by her interpretation.

Shortly after the arrival of the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernelle, we were further enlivened by another. This time it was a Russian lady, attended by her maid. There were no other Russians at the Hôtel du Bon Vivant, and she appeared to have come there rather from necessity than by choice, as there were no rooms vacant in the inn usually frequented by those of her nation. She declined to enter her name on the visitors' book, and for the first two or three days dined in her own room, and held aloof from the rest of us. This, added to the effect produced by a staidness, not to say grandeur, of deportment, and rich sobriety of dress, prepared us all for the discovery which in a few days coaxed out, that she was a Russian princess, a widow, who wished to remain *incognito*, and to live quietly in the enjoyment of an unconventional freedom from the obligations of nobility—an enjoyment beyond her command at home.

We never fully understood how this coaxed out. Her female attendant could understand nothing, and therefore could divulge nothing. The *maitre d'hôtel* assured his guests that he knew no more than the rest of the world; and by his mysterious shruggings, his self-contradictions, and, above all, by his manner, impressed us all with the firm belief that there was a secret in his possession. This, of course, confirmed the truth of the report, and it became an established fact that the lady was a Russian princess.

After a few days of seclusion, she vouchsafed to make her appearance at the table-d'hôte, and retired with the rest of the ladies to the *Salle des Dames* afterwards. Then it was that the baron exhibited his inborn as well as inherited nobility. He attended to her little wants, placed her an armchair by the fragrant wood-fire, and on receiving her thanks in his mother tongue—his parents' pride had no doubt prevented him from learning any other—he entered into a respectful and courtly conversation with her. There were plenty of other men in the room who could have done it; but the baron was naturally the fittest person to begin; and I will give him credit for boundless self-possession—not to call it impudence.

The acquaintance thus began grew with a tropical rapidity. The cold northern temperament softly but quickly thawed beneath the warm rays of Italian sweetness and light. Fragments of their talk occasionally reached the ears of my wife and others who could understand them, from which it appeared that their main topic was the opera.

"Ah, madame,"—he was interpreted to me as saying—"if I could be but honored with your presence in my box at Florence! The music would be angelic then."

"The signor does me a great favor in expressing the wish."

Yes; it was clear that he was hard hit, and that she knew it, and had no desire to dismiss him. And yet she was in no single point guilty of indiscretion, forwardness, or coquetry, in my opinion.

"That woman," said my wife, "is abominable! Look how she hunts the poor man down. I suppose she fancies Sicily a nicer country than Siberia, or wherever it is she comes from."

"Well, my dear," I replied, "it seems to me that

the hunting is mutual. Really, I don't see why he shouldn't marry her, if they both like it."

"She may be a mere tuft-hunting adventuress, for all we know," said she. "I don't believe in her."

"Well, but perhaps he knows more than we do." "I don't believe in her a bit. She's hunting him down for his wealth and title, and is as much a princess as I am!"

The season was now at its height, and every room was occupied; the very last attic in the Hôtel du Bon Vivant being secured by a German count, the Count Sigismund von Borokopek. He put down his name in the visitors' book like a man, and his whole demeanor was frank, open, and robust. He was extraordinarily fluent in English, as well as in French and Italian; German, of course, was his mother-tongue, a few dialectical peculiarities noticeable in his pronunciation arising, as he explained, from the circumstance of his being partly of Austrian, partly of Hungarian origin; the Borokopek estates being in the vicinity of Tokay.

We now numbered about eighty guests, and began to know one another pretty well; but somehow the count knew us all better than we knew one another, before he had been a week among us. He was a big, burly, fair man, so thoroughly British in appearance, and in his general characteristics, as to render it difficult, but for his proficiency in other languages, to believe that he was not a Briton born. He had knocked about the world a good deal, he said. Of the forty years he had passed in it, twenty had been spent in traveling, half of which time had been passed in England, and a good deal of the rest in America. Russia, too, he was acquainted with; and on the strength of that he introduced himself to the princess, and was evidently as much disposed to admire her as the baron himself.

Indeed, before very long, the attentions paid by Count Sigismund von Borokopek to that lady began seriously to disturb the serenity of the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernelle; and in proportion as their rivalry progressed, so did the interest and amusement of the company progress with it.

"My dear Charles," said my wife, "isn't she abominable now? She's a regular flirt; and at her age, too!—forty, if she's a day. And after entangling the baron, to go and egg on the count, and all in public, too! It's bad enough to make love in public at all, but to do it to two men, one after the other—I say she's simply abominable!"

"Well, but, my dear," I expostulated, "they are both making love to her at the same time. You see the count's castles are much nearer to Russia than Sicily is, so, perhaps, she prefers to become Mrs. Count, etc., to the other thing."

Those of us who were not in love with the princess began to wish the absurd affair at an end. The lady was most unfairly fair to each; for she gave each of them enough encouragement to make them savagely jealous of each other, without going far enough with either to give the other any grounds of complaint. But for her beautiful eyes, I would compare her to a *tableau vivant* of Justice holding the scales. I can, however, safely liken her to Helen; for she was setting by the ears not only the two most interesting individuals, but also the whole world about her; and it wanted but a spark to commence a conflagration, certainly an explosion, between those two.

We had an American at the Hôtel du Bon Vivant, a quiet, thoughtful man, too much of an invalid to talk much, and very reserved in his manners. We little thought that the dreaded spark would be dropped by him; but so it was.

The baron was describing to a knot of us, including the count, as we were lounging in the entrance-hall after luncheon, his Syracusan villa, with its exquisite gardens. The American was listening with his usual air of abstraction, and quietly interposed a question:

"Did I understand you to say that the Villa d'Aosta, in the Stradi di Palermo, belongs to you?"

"Si, signor, the Villa d'Aosta you speak of is the one. It is mine. It has been in my family for several generations."

"You've got a tenant there now who's a friend of mine?"

"No, signor, no; I do not let my villa, nor any other of my residences."

Well, that's queer, I consider," said the American. "I came direct from Sicily, last month, and a friend of mine was tenant of that villa for the winter, and I staid a day or two with him in that very house. Guess there's some bunkum somewhere."

Part of these remarks were made in Italian; some ejaculated in English.

"Bagatelle!" replied the baron; "you are mistaken, signor! It must have been some other Villa d'Aosta."

"No, it wasn't," returned the American; "and for my part, I think you are no more baron than I'm Julius Cæsar."

He certainly looked offended, though happily the last sentence was in English; in fact, he had been so unaccustomed to be contradicted, that it positively confused him. And I could not help noticing that the count looked excessively tickled, as well as triumphant.

That evening, when the baron advanced to attend the princess to the salon, she declined his offer to place the shawl on her shoulders, as he had always done; and, in the most perfect manner, without snubbing or putting him down, allowed him to discover for himself that she was utterly indifferent to him. It was just as if the moon were to take the place of the sun, in a quiet and undemonstrative way, with no explanation given.

But, of course, an explanation was to be demanded; and, as soon as the dinner was over, the baron sought and obtained a *tête-à-tête* in the corner of the *Salle des Dames*. We all had the decency to read *Galignani* or play bezique, or otherwise to throw a veil over our curiosity, as we anxiously watched the development of the plot, and tried to hedge our bets before it was too late.

Suddenly the baron started to his feet, and uttered a loud execrative exclamation, which I decline to translate. His soul now most clearly betrayed his passionateness, but there was rather more light than sweetness in his eyes as he glared round the room in search of the hapless American.

We all sprang to our feet, too; the ladies near the door rapidly retreated, and the men looked at one another, half-amused, half-angry.

"If I knew who had poisoned the mind of madame, I would 'dianiate' him—tear him in pieces," shrieked the baron. "That viper of an American!"

"It was not the American," answered the count, coming quietly out of a recess; "I told madame what he had discovered."

The baron so far forgot the perfectness of his manners, and evident desire to please, as with his open palm to slap the count on the face. But, in another second, he found himself in that physical checkmate known as *chancery*; he had got his head under his rival's left arm, who was holding it down to a convenient level for the right hand to bob his nose—and there, before the princess, in the *Salle des Dames*, was being displayed a scene from the British ring; chairs and tables going everywhere, as the quadrupedal monster performed its

erratic revolutions amid the screams of women, the shouts of men, the groans of the *maitre*, and the indescribable cries of astonishment uttered by the whole staff of the hotel, which had been gathered together at the door by the first exclamations of the baron.

The Anglo-Saxon nationality having, in spite of the principle of non-intervention, separated the Latin and the Teuton, the defeated combatant was assisted to his room, and looked to by an English doctor who happened to be at the hotel, and who reported that, with the exception of a couple of broken teeth, nothing of consequence was to be apprehended beyond a further requisition of his services at a *rencontre* of a different character, which, however, would not be possible for some little time, owing to a difficulty his patient had in seeing. And, the next morning, we found that the *maitre* had given the baron notice to quit the Bon Vivant forthwith; and so we saw no more of the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernelle.

In ten days or so the count received a letter from him, dated at Florence. In it the baron demanded satisfaction, and required that the count should meet him at Florence; or, if more convenient, at Rome. In reply, the latter expressed his willingness for an interview, but positively declined to fatigue himself with an unnecessary journey. The affair could very well be settled in the place where it began. The letter was carefully and fully directed, registered and posted by the count himself.

In the ordinary course of events, an answer was due in four or five days at the furthest; but a fortnight passed without any, and at length we received the following, dated from Rome:

"SIR—I beg to acknowledge the honor which you have done me by addressing a letter to me at my house in Florence; and most apologize for my inability to understand it. Your name is strange to me. I was never in the place from which you write; I have not been in Florence for several months; and I must conclude that there is some mistake. It is possible that my name has been assumed by a rascally valet who robbed me last year, of several private papers and a considerable sum of money, but whom I could not conveniently prosecute."

Then followed a description which tallied exactly with the appearance of our baron. It seems that the letter, being registered, had been sent on to the real baron at his residence in Rome, instead of being delivered to the false one at the address given by him at Florence.

The princess was, no doubt, overwhelmed with shame at finding that she had been encouraging a valet instead of her master; for she at once admitted the count to the privilege of paying her more attention than ever. I think, too, she really liked him. Anyhow, he had proved himself substantially able to protect her; and the scuffle with his rival had in no degree lessened him in her esteem.

Of course we were not behind the scenes; and could only judge of the probable course of events by such little evidences as chance might throw in our way; but it was rumored that the marriage was to take place from our hotel before Lent.

"The sooner the better," said my wife; "if another man comes forward with better prospects, she'll throw over the count, just as she did the baron."

"But you see he wasn't a baron, my dear," I remonstrated; "not a real one, I mean, as the children say."

"Well; and perhaps this is not a real count."

"Dear me! what a joke it would be if he turned out to be somebody's butler! I wish some Yankee would come and ask him a little about *his* place. We want a little life here just now."

That day we had another fresh face at the table-d'hôte; this time an Englishman's. He was very taciturn, but liked to look at the company and to listen to the conversation, and was much struck with the count. It occurred to me, too, that the count noticed him a good deal, so much so as to refuse some of the choicest dishes. But no one conversed with the stranger, and after dinner he retired to his room—the baron's old room—and we saw no more of him till the next day at dinner. There was the same curiosity on the part of the count, who, by the way, spoke German exclusively now; but the stranger was absorbed in his dinner. Afterwards he strolled into the billiard-room to smoke a cigar.

By-and-by the count and I went in to have a quiet game, and there we found the new arrival comfortably loling in an ample rocking-chair by the fire.

The count played badly, missed the easiest strokes. "You're off your play to-night, count," I said; "what's the matter?"

"Don't mind me, gentlemen," said the stranger; "I hope my being here don't make the count nervous"—he put a very remarkable emphasis on the title—"I don't play the continental way myself, though I see a good many queer games at odd times. Now, was you ever in Scarbro', sir?" addressing the count. "No! Leeds? No! Hull, where the steamers start for Bremen? No! Manchester, perhaps? No! Not been to Manchester? Then"—he had been sidling gradually nearer and nearer to the door as he talked, and was now between it and the count—"then suppose you and I go back together, Mister Alexander Jenkinson, on this warrant I've got against you for forgery of a check on Gleeson's bank at Manchester for three thousand five hundred pounds! Oh, yes; it's all right, and it's no good to make a row. My name's Inspector Rawlings of the detective police, and me and my man here have had a pretty hunt after you; he and the gens-d'armes are waiting for you outside the door."

Poor princess, with two strings to her bow, and both of them rotten! Still my wife wouldn't pity her yet.

"But, my dear," I expostulated, "the poor thing will have to marry some Russian now, perhaps a Laplander, or one of those fellows that drink train-oil with their dinner. And she such a monstrous fine woman, too, to say nothing of her rank!"

However, we had but little further call on our sympathy, for the next day she had left the hotel. "So the princess is off," I said to the *maitre*, the same day, while paying my weekly bill.

"Monsieur said—"

"I said the princess is off—gone, *allée, sortie, partie*, you know."

"Oui, oui; but then, the princess: who does monsieur wish to say, princess?"

"Why, of course the princess of—well, the Russian princess that didn't marry the baron or the—"

"Ah, bah! Who would call her a princess?"

"Why, you made us believe she was," I indignantly rejoined, "by asking believe she wasn't."

"But monsieur remembers without doubt that I said she was not a princess?"

"So you did; but there's a way of saying no and looking yes."

"Pardon, monsieur! The lady desired repose and to be in particular; and I, I assisted that she should so be."

"Well—now she's gone, in fact, *what* is she?"

"Monsieur, she is teacher of the dance at Mar-seilles."

## A MIRACULOUS WELL.

MITCHELSTOWN is a thriving market town in the County of Cork, some ten miles to the east of the line of railway from Dublin to Cork, and some twenty or more British miles from the town of Clonmel, on the River Suir. It lies under the Galty Mountains, and close to it is the Holy Well of St. Fanahan (Finchur), which is visited at all times of the year by great numbers of people, but which attracts an especial concourse for the 25th of November, the day of the saint's festival. Our readers, we are sure, will owe a debt of gratitude, for the following account of the well and its miracles, to its writer, who is a resident in Mitchelstown, and who writes as an eye-witness of much that the narrative relates:

"One day I had a quantity of work to be finished off that was urgently called for; the children of the school for whom I sent refused to work, saying it was St. Fanahan's Day, and that no one born in the parish would work. Being a stranger in this place, I knew nothing about the saint, and asked who he was. They told me he lived here about twelve or thirteen hundred years ago, and that he was working miracles for the people here ever since. I asked what the miracles were, and they told me first of the removal of the well from the abbey of which St. Fanahan was abbot. They said that the Protestant servants of the minister (the glebe-house was on the old abbey lands) profaned the holy well by washing foul clothes in it, and the next day it was dried up; however, the people discovered it at about a quarter of a mile distant, and there the cures went on as before. The Protestants profaned it again, and again it disappeared, but was discovered to have located itself half a mile distant from the old abbey, where it now remains. An old man still living told me he remembers the time when the people still frequented the old abbey (before the removal of the Holy Well) on the feast of the saint. They now assemble at the well on the 25th of November, which is the saint's day. The children also told me that the natives of the parish abstain from the use of meat on the eve of the feast, and how the saint rewarded one poor man for having done so. This man was condemned to be hanged in the town of Clonmel, and another condemned with him. They could not tell me the time of its occurrence; but the old man of whom I spoke before told me that he saw the chain by which the old man was fastened to the millstone still attached to it when he was a little boy. On the eve of the execution the jailer brought the poor man a good supper of meat etc. The man of this parish said: 'This is the 24th of November, the eve of St. Fanahan's Day. I never in my life ate meat on this day, and I won't do it now on the last day of my life.' The jailer said to him derisively, 'Maybe Fanahan will save you from being hanged in the morning.' The other man took the meat, but he would not touch it. That night as he slept a person of noble aspect, on a white horse, rode into his cell, and said, 'I am St. Fanahan; you refused to take meat in honor of me, and I am come to take you out of this; get up behind me on the horse.' 'What can I do with this stone?' said the prisoner. (He was chained to a millstone). 'Bring it with you,' said the saint. The man, with the millstone, chains and all, got on the horse, and away rode the saint across the country till they came to the bridge which crosses the stream under the abbey, near which the saint told the man to get down. The man did so, and remained there chained to the stone till the daylight.

"His family were prepared to go to Clonmel for his remains, but went first to pray rounds for him at the well. Some of them were the first to see him in the morning, and ran to the others to tell; but they replied, 'A likely story! He is firm enough in Clonmel jail.' They could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw him. The millstone (circular) is three feet six inches in diameter, and one and a half feet in thickness, and they say it would take at least twelve men to move it. One side of it is quite above the water, so that it is easy to measure it. It is a red stone. They, of course, broke the chains and set him at liberty. He made his escape, and was never sought after. The man who remained in Clonmel jail was hanged that same day. The stone remains in the same spot, and though removed many times, and even built of masonry, it was always found in the old spot next morning, with a vacancy of a circular form in the construction from which it made its escape. I laughed at the children's stories and did not believe a word of them, till, after having met Dean O'Brien (R. L. P.), I told him the absurd story I had heard from the children. 'They are not absurd,' said he; 'they are true.' On his arrival in the parish, about thirty years since, he found this great devotion to the saint, but thought there was no foundation for it, and that perhaps such a person as the saint they venerated never existed. However, he made inquiries in every direction, and was furnished with authentic particulars of his life, taken from the annals of old monasteries by the late Dr. Kenchan, President of Maynooth, who had a collection of the lives of the former saints of Ireland written in our old language. Dean O'Brien then got the parish church, which he had been reconstructing, dedicated to the maternity of our Blessed Lady and St. Fanahan (Finchur). He got a picture of him put into the beautiful large stained eastern window of the church, and arranged that the rounds made at the well by the pilgrims should terminate at the parish church. He even settled the prayers that were to be said, and established a high mass on his feast. The people were delighted, and things go on in the same way still. On his feast there is a continuous stream of people (from the eve) moving in from the Holy Well to the parish church. The name Fanahan was given him by the people of Kenmare on one occasion that he went to get them out of some difficulties in that place. He was called Finchur by St. Ailbe, of Emly, who baptized him. We have his life—or at least a part of it here. It is in Irish.

"Dean O'Brien told me that he lived in a little cell, like a sentry-box, apart from the monastery, in which he practiced wonderful austerities. He had a beam across his cell, from which he used to suspend himself by the elbows. This penance he performed in honor of our Blessed Lady, that she might obtain a happy death for all who would ask it through his intercession. In all their difficulties they go to the Holy Well to pray; and, in sickness, their medicine is water from it. They never think of going to America without taking some little stones out of it, and say that when violent storms occur they can quell them by flinging out these little pebbles. Some write home to tell of how they vanquish the storm by their means. Cures are so common that the people about do not mind, and look upon them as a matter of course. I asked the old man, from whom I got a great deal of information, why they did not ask the names of the persons cured, and where they lived. He said, 'Why, then, ma'am, would you have me go up to a strange man and say to him, 'What is your name, sir, and where do you live?' Numbers of blind are cured there; and people say so simply that it is amusing: 'If you see the trout you will be sure to get your sight.' They think that some sort of white fish in it is St. Fanahan, and nothing can



equal their delight at seeing it. A blind man came from America about three years since to commence 'going rounds' at the Holy Well, and had scarcely knelt in the parish church than he got his sight. He told it to all on the spot, but they did not ask his name. Another man came on crutches last year, left them on the tree over the well, and walked home without them. They are still there. A Mrs. Burke told me she brought her daughter to it, who was quite paralyzed and unable to stand. She walked home, and is now a great, strong girl. They stay out all night there, saying their prayers. Saturday night is the one on which people are fond of frequenting it. There is no shelter whatever, and the climate is very cold, so close to the Galties; and yet what would kill others cures them, so great is their faith. Gerald Condon was taken by his mother. He had a frightfully bad eye. They prayed all night, and it was well in the morning. A man named Roche was dying with a large lump on the chest, at about seven miles distant from this, heard a voice saying to him, 'Go to St. Fanahan's Well, and you will be cured.' He had been left to die by the doctors, who considered his case hopeless; and his family, who were watching for his death, thought he was raving when he told them of the voice. However, to gratify him, they took him away in the middle of the night, bed and all, without dressing him, for they thought him unable to bear it. Some men brought the bed over the stiles and fences; and put him on his knees beside the Holy Well. He felt as if strings were dragged through his chest, and was cured on the spot.

"I asked the old man (he lives near it, and knows all about it) about some strange things I had been told by a woman. 'They are true,' said he, but you could not build upon what women would say.' I tried to look very grave at that. I regret very much not having asked Dean O'Brien about it during his lifetime. It was after his death that a nun in a distant convent asked me to tell her if people were cured here, because a person from there, who had come from the Holy Well, brought her a jar of the water. I had to make inquiries in order to satisfy her. It was then I heard these things which I have told you. They are well known here. The case of Roche, last mentioned, happened many years ago. It would be impossible for me to tell of all these cures, for they are continually happening. People come from long distances, particularly on the feast day. The people who live near the Holy Well tell so many stories of how they see him (the saint) at night riding on his white horse between the abbey and the well; but, as the old man said, 'We cannot build upon what they say in that way.' They tell of an old Protestant, named Spratt, who used to ride a blind horse. This man met the crowds going to the abbey (before the profanation), and asked them, scornfully, could his old horse be cured at the well? Next morning he was blind, and the horse could see. About twenty-four or twenty-five years since a person named Mrs. Barry, who was a Protestant, had been blind for a long time. She had what they call 'pearls' on each eye. She said she heard a voice telling her to go to St. Fanahan's Well and pray three rounds, and that she would be cured. She replied that she did not know how to say these prayers. The voice told her to say her own prayers. The next morning she was led by her little son to the well, but after the third round the pearls fell off her eyes, and she saw the trout. She is still living. She became a Catholic after that. The little son remembers that when his mother told him she saw the trout he wanted to go into the well to catch it! There are some other cures, but I want to get the names before I tell you about them. It is some years' time since I told these things to my friends who inquired about the well, and I want to refresh my memory by asking again about them, for fear of making mistakes."

#### THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.

THIS new leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons is the eldest son of the seventh Duke of Devonshire by the fourth daughter of the sixth Earl of Carlisle. He is in his forty-first year, having been born in 1833. He finished his education at Trinity College, where he graduated M.A. in 1854, and was created LL.D. in 1869. The Cavendish interest, which is strong in North Lancashire, doubtless enabled him while still quite young to be returned in 1857 Member for that division of the county. In 1863 the place of Civil Lord of the Admiralty in Lord Palmerston's second Ministry was offered to and accepted by Lord Hartington. In the following May he was transferred to the Under-Secretaryship for War. In February, 1858, on the return of Lord Herbert, he became Secretary of State for War, and held the office under Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell, until the fall of the latter's Ministry in July, 1866. When Mr. Gladstone came into power in 1868 Lord Hartington received the appointment of Postmaster-General with the seat in the Cabinet which he previously held, as of right, as Secretary of War. In 1870 Lord Hartington passed to the Secretaryship for Ireland, which office he held until the break-up of the Gladstone administration, in February, 1874. By tradition and hereditarily, Lord Hartington was a Whig in politics, but now and then he has shown that he is something more; though it is probable that he owes his present elevation as deputy-chief of his party to his being what may be designated a moderate, but elastic, Liberal.

#### THE WHITE FLAG.

##### HISTORY OF THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD'S FAVORITE BANNER.

THE Paris correspondent of the London Times writes to that journal: A book just published by M. Gustave Desjardins, on French national emblems, has revived the question mooted nearly two years ago as to the historical claims of the White Flag. M. Desjardins contends that up to 1789 France had no national flag, but that every regiment had its own standard decorated with a white badge, the old Huguenot symbol which was adopted by Henri IV.

As for the white cornet, which he regards as the ancestor of the White Flag, it was introduced in the middle of the sixteenth century as a sign of superior command. But Charles IX. and Henri IV. were the only kings who used it, though up to the Revolution every colonel was entitled to display it. The cockade varied in different regiments, but in 1767 the infantry received a white cockade, and under Louis XVI. it was extended to the cavalry. In the navy, both blue and red were originally hoisted, then blue alone; while Louis XVI. reserved the White Flag for his own vessel, allowing merchant-vessels, however, to employ it coupled with some distinctive badge.

In the eighteenth century merchant-vessels universally adopted the White Flag. The colors of Paris, red and blue, displayed after the fall of the Bastille, formed, in conjunction with the white cockade of the troops, the tricolor cockade, and the colors becoming national were transferred to

the flags. M. Desjardins intimates that the Emigrés and Vendéens were mistaken in regarding the White Flag as the ensign of Henry IV. The Legitimists, however, cite the authority of Favyn, 1620, who mentioned the white cornet as the national color, and Beneton, 1739, who gives still more emphatic testimony to the same effect. They also appeal to Lafayette's "Memoirs," which state that he proposed the tricolor, instead of blue and red, because the latter formed the Orléans livery, and because he wished to nationalize the old French color, white, by combining it with the colors of the Revolution. They urge also that, even after the tricolor was adopted for the cockade, the White Flag was unfurled above the King in the Assembly in 1790, and was retained by colonels of regiments till 1791; while the Assembly, in decreeing in 1790 that the tricolor should be adopted by the navy, distinctly recited that the White Flag had up to that time been the naval ensign.

The Journal Officiel and the Orléanist Soleil side with M. Desjardins, while the Union insists that the Comte de Chambord was under no mistake in nailing the White Flag to his mast. The former would vainly prove the tricolor to be of older date than its competitor, for they maintain that the French arms under Louis XVI. showed three fleur-de-lis flags—red, white and blue—grouped on each side so as to form the tricolor, while the Legitimists lay stress on the white cornet, and on the use of white for scarfs, plumes and cockades.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

MANCHU MILITARY POLICE.—The territory of South, or Lower, Manchuria has been for years overrun with mounted banditti, chiefly Mohammedans. Of late these have joined with disaffected Chinese and bad characters generally, and have threatened the Treaty Port on the Lian River, Yingtzu, so that at last the Imperial Government was forced to do something against the banditti.

It organized flying columns of Tartar cavalry to sweep the open country, and gave to the Foreign Commissioners of Customs in the Neuchewang District a commission to raise and discipline a force of Manchu Military Police. A company of infantry and a detachment of artillery with two guns have been consequently called into existence, officered by Europeans belonging to the Foreign Inspectorate. The British Government has given every assistance in its power, and three non-commissioned officers of the Royal Marine Artillery, with a field-piece, are attached to the office of the Consulate at Yingtzu. These men, besides assisting in the gun-drill of the police, have trained a dozen volunteers among the residents, merchants, storekeepers and pilots to the work of the twelve-pound Armstrong gun. This Military Police has been organized, and is commanded by Captain J. Alexander Man, an officer already known in Chinese military operations, having served during great part of the Tse-ping campaign in 1863-64. Captain Man is a Commissioner of Customs in the Neuchewang District. He is represented on the left hand of the picture.

A TORPEDO STEAM-LAUNCH.—The high-speed torpedo steam-launch, which has just been built at Poplar, England, for the Argentine Republic, is designed to run quickly up to an enemy's vessel, to discharge a torpedo under her bottom, and to retire still more quickly—that is, provided the enemy permits her to do so. For these purposes she has been admirably designed, and appears to be well adapted. She measures 55 feet in length, with a beam of 7 feet, and is built throughout of Lowmoor iron-plates, with steel ribs and framing. Her engines are on the high-pressure, own-condensing principle. She is fitted with a three-bladed screw-propeller, and her contract speed is a continuous run of seventy miles in five hours. The torpedo gun, constructed by Captain M'Evoy, of the London Ordnance Works, from the designs of Captain Hunter Davidson, consists of a spur 25 feet long, which is run out over the bows, and on the fore end of which the torpedo is fixed. The torpedo is a copper cylindrical case, capable of containing about 60 lbs. of lithrofracture, dynamite, or gun-cotton. The torpedo-pole, with the torpedo secured at the end, is lowered under the surface of the water when going into action, and immediately upon coming into contact with the ship's side the explosion takes place. In the present case the torpedo is exploded by electricity, and not by percussion. But, as the electric circuit is completed by contact in striking the enemy's ship, the advantage of the percussion system in causing the explosion at the exact moment required is obtained, while at the same time the galvanic battery which is placed in the launch can be connected or not at pleasure; consequently the explosion is completely under the control of the men in the launch, and this precaution greatly reduces the risk in handling such dangerous weapons. When going into action the crew are protected from rifle-shots by sliding steel shields.

NEW CITY LOAN OF PARIS.—The "financial miracles" which characterized the great loans of the Second Empire, and, above all, the payment of the French indemnity to Germany, seem to be renewed in the prodigious success of the New Paris Loan. The eagerness with which Frenchmen, and especially Parisians, responded to the call for the latter loan may be accounted for by the fact that at least forty million francs of the loan raised are to be devoted to the public works, by which employment will be provided for laborers, and the French Capital will be improved and embellished. As Paris is, in a certain sense, the metropolis of the world, foreigners also took great interest in this loan, and many of those sojourning there swelled the throng which filled the subscription offices in the court of the Luxembourg.

WHEN ALFONSO XII., the new King of Spain, made his triumphal entry into Madrid, January 14th, he held at the palace a reception of all military and civilian dignitaries who wished to pay their respects. Then, once more mounting his white charger, the King stationed himself at the palace-gates, and all the troops in or about Madrid filed past him—first the royal cadets, whose appearance must have reminded him of his recent military apprenticeship at Sandhurst; then infantry, engineers and civil guards; and, finally, the artillery and cavalry, who thundered by at full gallop, shouting enthusiastic *vivas* as they passed, the officers waving their swords high above their heads, and the lancers lowering their weapons and ensigns in the dust—signs of homage to which the young monarch replied with the usual military salute, by raising his hand to his cap.

OKUBO, THE JAPANESE SPECIAL ENVOY, who successfully negotiated a peaceful conclusion to the recent dispute between Japan and China about the piratical outrages on the coast of Formosa, and whose portrait we lately published, was greeted on his return, on November 27th, with particular tokens of regard, both at Yokohama, the port of Jeddah, and in the capital city, which is joined to Yokohama by a short line of railway. The scenes upon his arrival in Yokohama were sketched by Mr. C. Wirzman, who very naturally, as an artist, regrets, for the sake of the picturesque in costume, the European fashion of dress. He writes in the following strain about the reception of his Excellency Mr. Okubo: "It was a sad sight, the day before, to see the native officials, clad in evening-dress, walking about and waiting for him all day in the pouring rain. The weather was bitterly cold; and it seems that greatcoats are not considered full-dress, though heavy boots reaching up to

the knees are. You must know that it has been decreed that in future the swallow-tail coat, white choker, white kid gloves, and stovepipe hat, shall be the full-dress costume for Young Japan. But on the 27th the weather cleared up and it was a beautiful day. At half-past seven in the morning the booming of guns announced his arrival; so, hastily swallowing some soup and a cup of tea, I rushed down to the jetty, and arrived just in time to see the great man emerge from the steam-launch and land. He also was in evening-dress, but wore a brown overcoat over it. He took off his tall hat, and bowed most affably to the deputation of swallow-tails who had assembled to meet him. They also bowed and took off their hats. Okubo is a fine, handsome man, with mustachios and whiskers, but no beard. After his reception, he drove through the town to the Finance Department, followed by numerous carriages, filled with Japanese, all, of course, in evening-dress, and thence he went to the Town Hall, where a deputation of merchants, all in black coats, had assembled to read him their address of congratulation concerning his successful mission to China."

REORGANIZATION OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT IN CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY.—The Touloumbadgi, or Turkish firemen, are as useless as they are vociferous and avaricious. Their old-fashioned bucket-engines are of no more account than they are themselves, and a fire once started in the crowded, narrow, filthy streets of Constantinople—a city to which, with its tall minarets, beautiful seraglios and gilded domes, only distance lends enchantment—is never extinguished by the Touloumbadgi. The pious Mussulman accepts all from fate, and cries, "Great is Allah!" But he will doubtless ere long cry with at least satisfaction, "Great also is the Emperor of Russia!" For the Russian Government has sent to the Turkish Government a company of Russian firemen, thoroughly trained and equipped, who will reorganize the fire department of Constantinople, and, in due time, make it lose its ominous reputation as the Chicago of the East.

GOING TO MARKET IN EASTERN TURKESTAN.—Where plurality of wives is the rule a man may be considered fortunate who has no more than two, the usual number in fairly prosperous houses in Eastern Turkestan. As the owner's stud consists of a single stout pony and a jackass, and as both wives must needs go to market at one and the same time, the distribution of the family party is made somewhat after the fashion represented in our picture, which is from a sketch by Captain Chapman, R.A., who accompanied the mission of Sir T. D. Forsyth to the Ameer of Kashgar and Yarkund. A light pad is placed on the pony's back, which admits of two ladies with one or two children obtaining a comfortable seat. The father of the family, adopting the more humble quadruped, which wears neither pad nor bridle, rides behind, thereby securing to himself an opportunity of watching the movements of his light-hearted fair ones, for whom the weekly ride to market is a holiday to be thoroughly enjoyed with all the independence woman has it in her power to assert on the northern side of the Himalayas.

#### FUN.

WOMAN'S rights—Kisses.

THE original greenbacks—Frogs.

THE Queen of Diamonds—Mrs. Fitch.

THIEVING in the outskirts—Picking ladies' pockets.

RAILWAY alternative—Continual breaks or continual smashes.

MOCK turtle—Kissing before company, and quarrelling afterwards.

HOW to make money go as far as possible—Give it to foreign missions.

NO BRANCH of business has been more active this Winter than the manufacture of slippers.

A MUSICAL paradox—The best throat for a singer to reach high notes with, is the *soar-throat*.

QUARTETTE singers may make more popular music, perhaps, but are they as wise as a Solo man?

AN English judge has recently defined "gentleman" as a term which "includes anybody who has nothing to do and is outside of the workhouse."

REMARKABLE effects of the frost—A man in Providence, after spending half the day in thawing his water-pipes, discovered the water was shut off for non-payment of taxes.

AN experienced teacher says that it is impossible for a Sunday-school scholar with a bolt to satisfactorily fasten his mind down even upon the simplest exposition of the scheme of salvation.

TWO RIVAL eel-fishermen in Maine recently set fire to each other's huts, whereupon a local paper mentions it under the head of "A Paris Commune in America—The Two-eeleries again in a Blaze."

A KANSAS farmer purchased a revolver for his wife, and insisted on target practice, so that she could defend her house in case of his absence. After the bullet was dug out of his leg, and the cow buried, he said he guessed she'd better shoot with an ax.

A GENTLEMAN drove a sorrowful-looking horse into the city last Saturday, and, stopping in front of the Post Office, he requested a small boy to hold him a moment. "Hold 'im?" exclaimed the boy; "just lean him up against the lamp-post—that'll hold 'im."

MAX ADLER says: "A coroner of ours seized an Egyptian mummy that was brought into town, summoned a jury, held an inquest on the mummy, brought in a verdict of 'Death from causes unknown,' and charged the county with the usual fee, with compound interest from the time of Moses."

AN Irishman went into a butcher's shop and asked, "Have you any sheep's heads, mashter?" "Oh, yes," was the reply. Pat, after a good deal of higgling, bought one, and then wished to know how to make it ready. The shopman began to tell him, but Pat, not being blessed with a good memory, asked him to "write it down on a piece of paper," and meantime laid down his purchase at the shop-door. A dog, seeing a good chance, seized the head and bolted down the street. Pat immediately gave chase, bawling at the top of his voice, "Come back wid me sheep's head, ye robber, ye!" but after a stiff run had to give in dead beat, when he consoled himself with the remark, "Niver mind; he hasn't got the resate how to make it ready."

A FEW days ago a couple from Iowa, on their way East, had to stop in this city, owing to the wife's illness. They went to a hotel, and for the first day or two the husband didn't complain of the cost, but when his wife grew worse—a doctor called in and a nurse employed—he began to hang on to the dollars which were demanded. On the fifth day the doctor looked serious, and said that the woman would probably die. The husband consulted with his hotel-clerk and with a freight-agent, and going back to his wife, he leaned over her and sobbed: "Oh, Sarah Jane! you musn't die here!" "I don't want to leave you, Philatus!" she replied, "but I fear that my time has come." "Don't! oh, don't die here!" he went on. "If my time has come, I must go," she said. "Yes, I suppose so, but if I could only get you back home first I'd save at least forty dollars on funeral expenses; and forty dollars don't grow on every bush!"

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

JESSE POMEROY, the boy murderer, was sentenced to death. . . . The Ohio House passed a compulsory education Bill. . . . Great demonstrations were made by Catholic temperance societies in various cities. . . . The Indian, West Point and Pension Appropriation Bills were passed by Congress. . . . A museum and art-gallery attached to Vassar College was dedicated. . . . The New Jersey Legislature considered a compulsory education Bill. . . . The constitutionality of the "press-gag" law is to be tested in St. Louis. . . . A falling wall crushed in one side of St. Andrew's (R. C.) Church, New York, during evening service, and in the panic five persons were killed and many wounded. . . . Several ocean steamships went ashore below Sandy Hook during the fog. . . . The Georgia Legislature declared void the second series of \$600,000 in bonds indorsed in 1870. . . . East Tennessee was visited by disastrous floods. . . . The Pennsylvania Legislature passed an Act imposing heavy penalties for kidnapping. . . . A party of striking miners near Brazil, Ind., set fire to three shafts, to prevent employment of non-union men. . . . Judge McKean of Utah ordered Brigham Young to pay Ann Eliza Young \$3,000 attorney fees and \$9,500 alimony pending her suit for divorce. . . . Dr. DeKoven accepted the Episcopal Bishopric of Illinois. . . . Fears were entertained of a Communist raid upon the Relief Store in Chicago, but it was averted. . . . Edward Spangler, charged with complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln, died in Maryland. . . . Congressman Orth of Indiana will leave soon after the new Congress meets for his post, as successor to Minister Jay, at Vienna. . . . The President has determined that Brother-in-law Casey must be elected United States Senator from Louisiana instead of Mr. Pinchback.

##### FOREIGN.

SPAIN agreed to pay to the United States \$84,000 as an indemnity for the *Virginis* massacre. . . . A fleet of British war-vessels bombarded and captured Fort Mozambique, off the coast of Africa, and released over three hundred slaves. . . . John Mitchell presented himself again as a candidate for the British Parliament. . . . The Germania newspaper, of Berlin, was confiscated for publishing the recent letter of the Pope. . . . A stormy debate occurred in the French Assembly on the report for organizing the Senate. . . . Germany proposes to check emigration to Brazil by a prohibition of the enlistment of emigrants on foreign account by the payment of premiums. . . . Mexico is threatened with a religious war on account of the expulsion of Sisters of Charity. . . . Sharkey, the murderer, who escaped from the New York City Prison disguised as a woman, was arrested in Havana for a threat to kill the captain and purser of the steamship *Crescent City*. . . . General Wolsey, of Ashantee fame, sailed for Natal, to take command of the British troops. . . . The revolution in Venezuela was declared ended. . . . Royal troops supplied Pampeluna, Spain, with provisions and ammunition. . . . In the House of Commons, Ottawa, a deputy urged the propriety of inducing French Canadians to return to Canada from the United States. . . . The difficulty between Spain and Germany on the *Gustaf* affair remains unsettled. . . . The French Assembly passed the new Senate Bill on the 24th. . . . Spain's offer to pay to Great Britain £500 for each white man and £300 for each colored man murdered during the *Virginis* affair was accepted. . . . Mr. Gladstone published another pamphlet in reply to Dr. Newman and Archbishop Manning. . . . Bismarck is negotiating with Denmark for the Island of St. Thomas, which he wants for a German naval station. . . . M. Buffet was again called upon to form a French Cabinet. . . . On the 3d and 12th of January, elections were held in Montevideo, accompanied by disturbances in which several persons were killed. . . . The Parliament of Canada declared Louis Riel disqualified as a member, and ordered a new election.

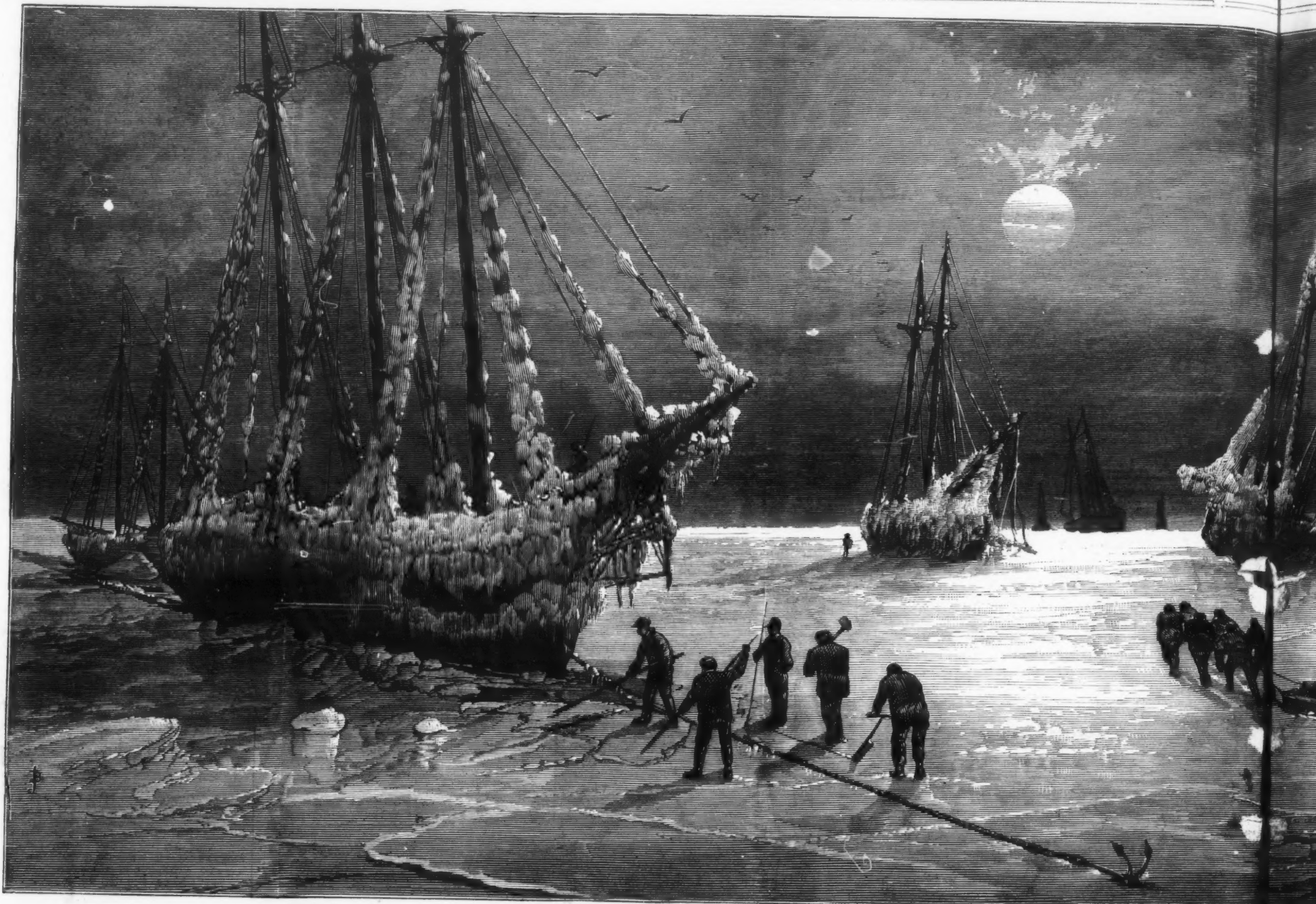
#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

NEW YORK CITY.—A great spectacular piece, written by an American lady, is promised at the close of Lent. It will be produced at the Grand Opera House under the direction of Mr. Foster who brought out the "Twelve Temptations" and "Lalla Rookh." . . . The New York Oratorio Society gave the second concert of the season at Steinway Hall, February 22d, the story of "Ruth and Naomi" being rendered with excellent effect. . . . "Shaughraun" had its 100th representation at Wallack's on February 20th, when elegant green satin programmes were distributed. . . . Mr. Howard Paul, whose name in connection with literature and entertainments is a "household word" in England, has just written a dialogue embracing eight impersonations for Miss Lina Edwin and Mr. Bland Holt. Mr. Howard Paul, by the way, departs next week for a brief visit to Omaha, Salt Lake City and California, returning to New York in May. . . . Mrs. Alice Dunning Lingard is engaged at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and will make her first appearance at the conclusion of the run of the "Big Bonanza." . . . The last performance at the Hippodrome was given on Saturday evening, 27th ult. . . . Mr. Toole had a benefit at the Lyceum on the 26th ult., and presented a long bill of attractions to a crowded house. . . . "The Big Bonanza" keeps the boards of the Fifth Avenue and is proving the truthfulness of its name both to the managers and their patrons. . . . Mme. Ristori and her dramatic troupe arrived from Havana.

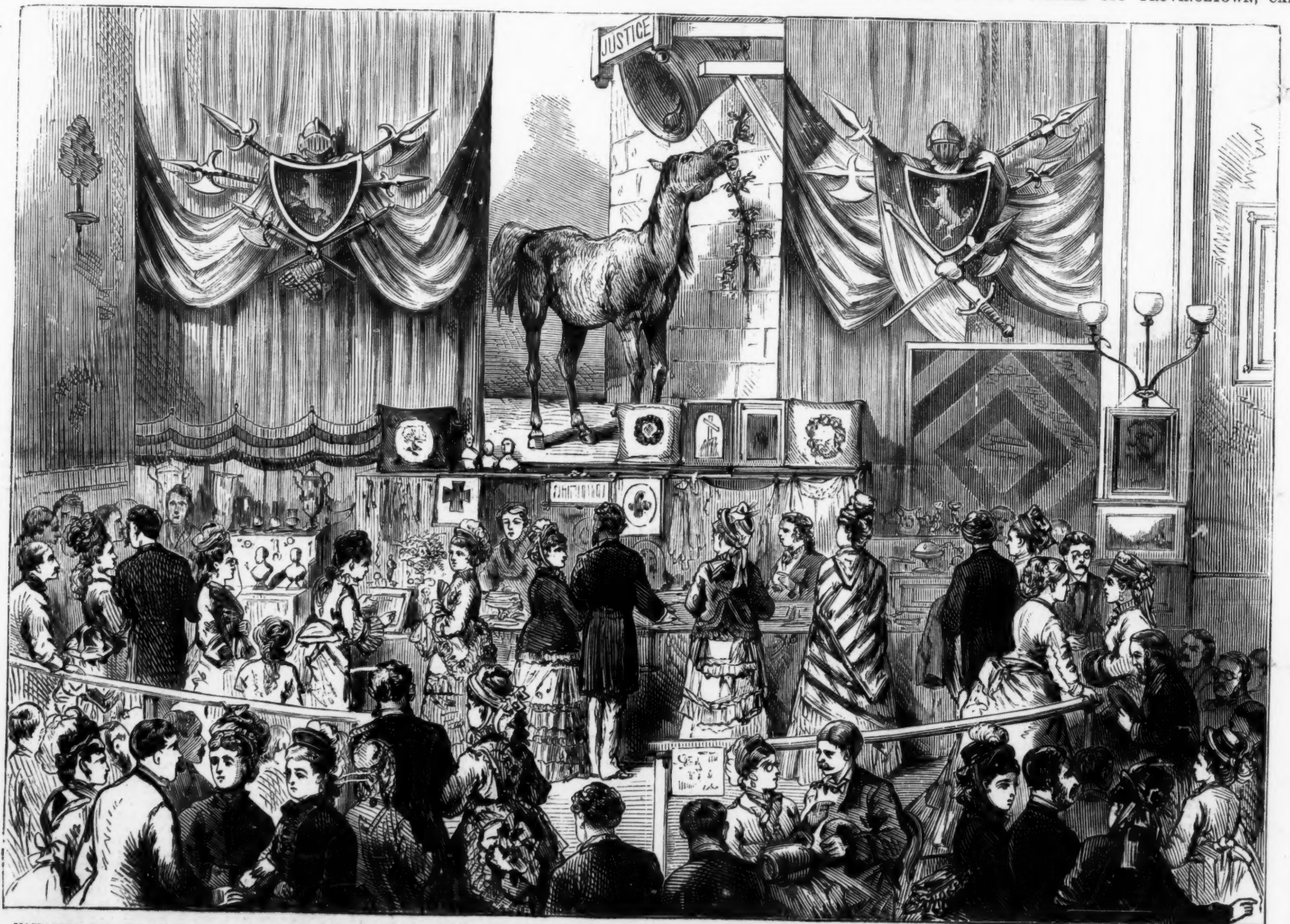
PROVINCIAL.—Miss Kellogg's troupe gave "Mignon" and "Il Trovatore" in Boston last week, Mrs. Van Zandt, Mr. Castle and Miss Beaumont—besides the leader—appearing in the leading casts. . . . The Strakosch troupe took in \$18,785 during the two-weeks' engagement in Chicago. . . . Miss Charlotte Thompson played last week in Cincinnati, *Jane Eyre*, and was followed, March 1st, by Miss Cushman. . . . Tom Taylor's "Still Waters Run Deep" was produced at the Boston Globe last week, the leading rôle being filled by Mr. Cheney himself. . . . Mrs. Rousby was at the Walnut Street, Philadelphia, and Maggie Mitchell, at the Opera House, Rochester, last week. . . . The Solenne troupe will revisit Boston in June. . . . The traveling company of the Fifth Avenue (N. Y.) Theatre presented "Divorce" at Ford's Opera House, Washington.

FOREIGN.—Carlotta Patti and Theodore Ritter appear in concerts in Moscow this month. . . . Mile. Sessi, who retired from the stage upon her marriage, is about to return, appearing at Vienna in the "Daughter of the Regiment." . . . The "Favorite," with Faure in his great part of the *King*, is running at the new Paris Opera House. . . . The latest Parisian opera-bouffe is "The Laundress of Borg-op-Zoom," which was brought out at the Theatre des Folies-Dramatiques. . . . "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was played in the Adelphi, London, last month, but did not receive favorable comment. . . . Robertson's "Home" succeeded "Our American Cousin" at the Haymarket, London, when Mr. Sothorn appeared as Colonel John White. The last piece had a run of 100 nights. . . . Mr. Joseph Hatton, the eminent novelist, and dramatist is now the editor of the London *Hornet*. . . . Byron's "Lancaster Lass" has proved an unequalled success at the Princess's, London. . . . After much competition among English Managers for "Rose Michel," the last Paris sensation, Messrs. Bayless and Hollingshead secured it for Mrs. Mary Gladstone, who will soon appear in it at a West End theatre. . . . The "Wandering Heir," in a dramatized form, is being played in Scotland. . . . Messrs. Glover & Francis, of the Glasgow Theatre, have secured the exclusive right to produce a new opera-bouffe by Lecocq.





THE FLEET OF ICE-BOUND FISHING VESSELS OFF PROVINCETOWN, CAPE C



MASSACHUSETTS.—THE STATE FAIR AT HORTICULTURAL HALL, IN BOSTON, IN AID OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 11.





PE ( 3.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. H. NICKERSON, AND SKETCHES BY E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 11.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE LAST LOAF—A SCENE IN THE COAL REGION DURING THE RECENT STRIKE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 11.



## THE WOOING.

ETTA W. PIERCE.

I CROSSED her father's tawny lands,  
A gray owl called through dusk and dew,  
"Turn, turn, you clown, with horny hands,  
She will not wed with such as you!"  
The river mocked me as I went,  
And from the grasses, brown and long,  
The crickets' cry rose sharp and dry—  
It said, "A fool on folly bent!"  
And every wind that passed me by  
Piped in my ears the self-same song.

I saw the poplar tops arise  
Beside her gable-window tall,  
The open gate, the vine that dries  
Its hot bloom on the southern wall.  
I saw the shady garden way,  
Strown thick with leaf and rusty burr,  
The window-seat, where pale and sweet,  
She sat and watched the dying day,  
While I drew near with eager feet—  
My wild heart mad with love of her!

She held a late rose in her hand  
From the old carved casement torn.  
"You are the lady of the land,  
And I the churl who reaps your corn,"  
I said, with faltering voice and slow,  
"And yet I love you!" That was all.  
Without, one bird, belated, stirred,  
And in the wild vine chirruped low.  
The rustle of her gown I heard—  
And then she let the blossom fall.

O hand—white hand of queenly grace,  
Stoop lower than the petals sweet,  
And in the silence of the place,  
Oh, lift my heart up from your feet!  
I felt the tremor in her breath—  
The pain which filled her eyes divine,  
And as I stood, with raging blood,  
Like one who waits 'twixt life and death,  
She came in her proud maidenhood,  
And laid that slender hand in mine!

THE  
Doom of the Albatross.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL IN THE WILD MARCH  
MORNING," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

MISS WYMOND'S opportunity for an "improving" discourse had not been wisely chosen, after all, the thread thereof being snapped off short, so to speak, by her auditor's falling forward in a death-like swoon. The doctor furthermore declared angrily that there must have been some most injudicious treatment to throw back into the very jaws of death a patient who was progressing towards convalescence.

The nurse, furiously rated by him, cleared herself by indignant declaration of what she believed to have been the cause of the patient's relapse, and Miss Sophia Wymond was requested, with threatening politeness, henceforward to be good enough to leave her niece to the sole care of the nurse, unless she wished to destroy her last chance of life or sanity.

"It will be well, madame, if she does not awake from this swoon a raving maniac," said the doctor, pale with anger before Miss Wymond's frigid repudiation of the charges brought against her, and stubborn assertions that her presence was both useful and necessary, in the sick-room as elsewhere, to overlook the nurse, keep things in order, and exercise her beloved sway of housekeeping tyranny generally.

So the physician, finding angry advice and stern hints to be equally in vain, gave up the contest and resigned himself to trying to defend his patient from her three nurses, of whom one frequently disregarded his orders from sheer obstinacy, the second mistook or muddled them through sheer incapability to understand sick-room requirements, and the third honestly and ignorantly endeavored to do her best, and succeeded but indifferently.

Only compassion and a sense of duty prevented the doctor from resigning his charge altogether; and both were tried to the utmost when, on paying his visit one day, he found that the hired nurse had been discharged without consulting him, and the patient, hardly free from delirium yet, and hovering weakly between life and death, lying unattended, the clear, bright winter sunshine glaring in through the unshaded window on her quivering eyelids, a handful of fire in the grate—although the melting frost was slowly dripping from the eaves—Miss Wymond, the nurse *pro tem.*, actively engaged in a skirmish in the kitchen with the servant, who had just given warning, and nobody in sight but Miss Louisa Wymond shivering sulkily over another handful of fire in the parlor, when he came down-stairs.

"Mrs. Allan is in bed," Louisa said, half crying; "she was sitting up with Gwendoline half the night, and then my sister Sophia sat up. The nurse is gone; Sophia said we didn't want her."

"I should have supposed the medical man in charge of the case was the fittest person to decide that," observed the doctor.

"Excuse me, doctor," interposed Miss Wymond's agreeable metallic voice at the doorway, "but I am the fittest person to decide whether I could afford to incur a heavy and rather useless expense."

"Well, ma'am, I suppose you are," said the doctor, very quietly, as he felt himself in danger of boiling over with rage, being as choleric as he was kind-hearted and clever, the three qualities not infrequently uniting. "But you will excuse me if I say I am the fittest person to decide that, unless you can afford more care and attention to your patient, you had better send her to the county infirmary at once. She will not be left alone in a cold room, with the sunshine blinding her weak eyes, if she is there, nor will her medicine be neglected, as I see it has been, nor her hands and feet be damp and cold as they are, nor her pulse sunk far lower than it should be. If she hasn't proper attendance and careful nursing, ma'am, she will die!" the doctor said, fiercely, his temper rising beyond all bounds. "I propose no 'heavy and useless expense,' ma'am, but a decent old woman at ten shillings a week and her food, who would at least obey medical orders implicitly. If your patient has to suffer cold and neglect and irritation of her nervous system, she will not trouble you much longer, Miss Wymond!"

"Doctor Kingsley," said Miss Wymond, folding her gray-mittened hands over her black stuff apron with icy deliberation, "you have used rather unwarrantable language to me, which, as a Christian, I am bound not to resent; but as, after this week, I do not intend troubling you any longer for your attendance, perhaps you will be good enough not to interfere with any regulations of mine in refer-

ence to my treatment of my niece, whom I have cared for from infancy."

"Ma'am," retorted the doctor, growing very red, "but for the sake of the unfortunate young lady herself, I should not trouble you with my presence in this house again."

But the doctor's wrangling with my aunt Sophia made the fires no larger, caused my sick fancies to be no more carefully attended to, nor my nurse more agreeable than formerly; and, rather to the doctor's surprise as well as my own, I struggled back to life again—very slowly, it is true, and aided by very little extraneous assistance. My time was not yet come; and so, through affliction of body and desolation of soul, through poverty and harassing cares and troubles, heaven, for its own wise purpose, kept me living through those dark days.

My relatives had tortured me at first by trying to conceal the story of my bereavement from me by short, half-suppressed statements and compassionately-garbled accounts, until the doctor ordered it otherwise, and sat beside the window, looking out at the first December snow, which was floating lightly down in broad soft flakes, whilst Mrs. Allan, in her fresh morning dress, sat beside my bed and told me all she knew.

The *Albatross* had met with her doom in that fever-haunted port. She had put to sea too late, for the pestilence was on board and in their midst ere the captain and his crew knew. One and all were stricken—the captain amongst the earliest, and amongst the first to die.

The first mate then took the command, and, being at the time in 18° S. lat., had steered for St. Paul de Loando. So far the account was clear; but after this there came a blank in the story, which was not supplied until *La Couronne d'Argent*, outward bound from Havre to Bombay, in S. lat. 20°, picked up an open boat containing five men, of whom two were dead, two in a state of utter exhaustion and insensibility, and the other, although very weak and delirious, yet with some life and strength remaining.

He was a Portuguese sailor, shipped at the port where two of the crew had died; and it was not until the third day after he was taken on board that he was able, with anything like coherency, to give information to the officers of *La Couronne d'Argent*.

Eight of the crew had died in two days after leaving the mouth of the Gaboon River, and ten more were stricken down by the fever, when one night, in a heavy squall of wind, some accident with the galley fire communicated a flame between a bundle of tow and a leakage of oil from one of the palm-oil barrels on the lower deck, which, in its turn, communicated with the hold, where the inflammable cargo lay, and in less than an hour the doomed vessel was blazing to the water's edge, and the disaured crew, hurrying their sick and dying shipmates into the boats, were looking back with gloomy eyes at the leaping wreaths of fire, and the flaming timber dropping into the dark, quenching waters, half a mile away, which was all that was ever more seen of the stately *Albatross*.

In the confusion and darkness of the night the boats parted company, and when day broke the one in which was the Portuguese sailor, with nine of the crew, the second mate, Mr. Glynn, in command, and the first mate, Mr. Allan, who was ill, was alone on the sea.

During the first day two of the crew died, and the rest, from fever and the intense heat, were too ill to keep to the oars. Ere the evening of the next day four out of the remaining eight were utterly prostrated and delirious, the Portuguese sailor amongst them. From that time until he came to his senses on board the French ship he remembered nothing clearly. During their third day at sea in the open boat some one had told him that the first mate, Mr. Allan, was dead, and that the second mate was dying, but he was not quite sure about it. That was all.

Of the two living men rescued along with him one was believed to be the second mate, the other the ship's carpenter; this poor fellow died the day he was brought on board *La Couronne d'Argent*, and the other was in a raging delirium, and, continuing so, was obliged to be kept in strict seclusion until the ship touched at the Cape, where the second mate of the ill-fated *Albatross*, in a state of insanity, resulting from inflammation of the brain, was conveyed by the authorities to the lunatic ward of the hospital, where he yet remained, if living.

The Portuguese sailor's description of him, aided by the name on his clothing, was the sole means of identification. The first and second mates of the English ship were both fair, tall, blue-eyed men, he stated—the first mate the fairer of the two.

And in the ship's boat which *La Couronne d'Argent* picked up there was one tall, fair-haired, gallant young Englishman lying dead—death resulting from sunstroke, not from fever, the French surgeon said.

There was nothing by which to identify the dead body but a small packet hidden away carefully in his breast.

"Oh, Gwendoline, poor girl," sobbed Mrs. Allan, "ask me no more! I cannot speak of it! I have lost my son, and you have lost your husband, and we are both bereaved and desolate, my dear!"

Her tears were falling like rain on the pillow beside me, where she had buried her head in her clasped hands; but my eyes were dry, my face was quite calm, there was scarcely a tremor in my voice as I spoke.

"Did you receive that little packet? Did they send it home?"

Mrs. Allan made no answer, but glanced appealingly at the doctor.

"Give it to her," he said, briefly, turning away his head quickly again to look at the falling snow.

Mrs. Allan burst into a fresh agony of weeping as she laid in my hand the little parcel securely folded in oiled silk and paper; but I opened it steadily.

It contained a short half-illegible letter, and a gold locket, with a worn black ribbon attached. My own face—glad, happy, handsome—mocking me with its brightness—looked out of the tiny gold frame, and opposite to it were the auburn curl and the dark curl entwined, with the initials "G. A." clasping them, which I remembered he had told me he had had done in Lisbon on the outward voyage.

The letter was his dying message to me.

"My dear," the doctor said, in an unsteady voice, coming forward, "you are trying to restrain yourself, fearing to distress others. You must not do that. You should yield to your grief in tears. Heaven knows, my dear," he added, hurriedly, "I could weep in your stead."

"Doctor," I returned, as quickly as before, "you are in error. I am not trying to restrain myself. I have nothing left to weep for."

## CHAPTER XIV.

I HAD spoken the truth to the doctor—I had nothing left to weep for—nay, there was nothing for which I could weep; as in the oft-used simile, the outward bleeding is but slight of the inner mortal wound. I think the principal thing that disturbed me in my cold, tearless apathy was that I

could not either die or get well, and so cease, in one way or the other, to be a trouble and a burden, as I felt myself to be.

Aunt Sophia bore it as long as she could—waiting for a decent interval to elapse, and Christian resignation to soothe my grief, I suppose—and then she briskly took me to task, and placed my worldly duties and obligations directly before my eyes, as I lay silently gazing at the fire one dark, cold afternoon in January.

"This house, my dear, it must be given up at once, of course. Your tenancy expires in February, you know—that is next month. I have been talking to the house-agent, Mr. Glynn, about it. Indeed, if you were able to leave before that time it would be much better—the expense of living here is enormous!"

"Leave?" repeated I, in a dull confusion of thought and feeling. "Where should I go?"

"Go? Go back to Wymondstowe, your proper home, of course, child!" said my aunt, sharply. "The furniture of this place, disposed of judiciously, will bring you a couple of hundred pounds, which, after all the expenses incurred during your long illness are defrayed, will bring you in, perhaps, six or seven pounds a year. I have been calculating everything closely."

"Sell the furniture! Leave Grayfriars! What do you mean? Must I give it up?" said I, weakly gasping for utterance. "I cannot—I will not! Louisa and I can live here as we did before!"

Miss Wymond cleared her throat by three dry, sharp coughs, and drew up her gray mittens with a business-like air.

"My dear," said she, caustically, "don't talk nonsense! Live here as you did before? You lived here by spending your little capital in a fearfully reckless and extravagant manner. I could not have believed it of you, brought up so carefully and wisely with regard to expenditure as you were—although you were always shockingly extravagant in your ideas. But your capital is gone now, long ago—I paid the last twenty pounds of the money in your desk to the nurse and doctor, and for wine and coal; yes, and for the servant's wages. You will find every shilling accounted for, Gwendoline. Poor, foolish girl! If you had asked my advice a little more, and profited by my instructions, you would not have got through all your little property in a few months."

Slightly interrupted at this period of her oratory by a short, sharp moan from my lips, my aunt Sophia paused a moment, raised her eyebrows a little impatiently, and then continued with a dry satisfied cough and an air of rigid composure.

"So, under the circumstances, I have done the best I could for you," she said, folding up her knitting. "I have put everything in order—hard work I have had, too—and reduced expenses as low as possible, dispensing with your absurdly expensive servant. Ten guineas a year, and all found! I was really surprised at you. And so nothing remains but for you to get well as quickly as you can, and then we shall all—Mrs. Allan is coming to board with us for a while—return to Wymondstowe. I wouldn't for anything be away when the cows are calving in March, you know. It really makes me quite in a fright to think of it, and Jane has all the chicken-rearing left to her, too."

"Sell off everything and go back again to Wymondstowe! And I meant to spend my lifetime here!" I said, slowly, almost inaudibly.

"Well, my dear, it is the will of heaven," observed my aunt, compressing her thin lips, "and, of course, it is best."

"Yes, it is best," I said, deliberately, "for I might live on long, dreary years otherwise; but this will kill me very soon."

Miss Wymond, as a rule, paid no attention to sick-room maunderings, nor did she now; she only pushed her chair back briskly, and said it was nearly tea-time.

But with that uninviting reflection of weak, ill-flavored tea and sparsely-buttered toast she brought up a letter.

"Come for you by the post just now," said my aunt, gloomily, fingering the letter and turning it about—"a bill, I suppose. The bills that came in all the time you were ill were frightful. One would think you had been keeping house for twenty people."

"It is from London," I observed, looking at the post-mark. "Who is there in London to write to me?"

"Mr. Hesketh, perhaps," my aunt suggested.

"Walter Hesketh! He has never written to me. Why should he write to me?" I asked, frowning, and half inclined to fling the letter aside unread, instead of impatiently tearing it open.

The inclosure was a sheet of paper, with the words, in a clear, masculine, business hand:

"From a friend."

Folded inside were two fifty-pound Bank of England notes.

"Money!" screamed my aunt Sophia. "Oh, Gwendoline—a hundred pounds! My goodness, who has sent it to you? Some one with too much money of their own, I suppose. A hundred pounds! Well, that is something, surely. Who on earth has sent it?"

"The person you suggested," replied I, pushing the notes away roughly. "Did you know anything of this, Aunt Sophia?"

"Of course I did not," said my aunt, with such amazement both in her voice and eyes, both at my question and my reception of the splendid gift, that I could not but acquit her at least of all participation in the scheme which made me the object of Walter Hesketh's generosity.

For the money was from him, I felt perfectly sure, as several costly presents of game and fruit and wine had been during my long illness; and, if I had been an unconsciously willing recipient then, I had no intention of being so now.

I folded up the notes, and with my own feeble, quivering fingers wrote a few brief, haughty lines, re-enclosed the money, and sent it back to London next morning.

My aunt Sophia was extremely displeased; so was Mrs. Allan, though in a less degree.

"Flinging back a generous gift in that manner, and you without a shilling to spare in the world, and in debt as well!" Miss Wymond said, trembling with indignation.

"My dear Gwendoline, I am shocked to think you could be so brusque, so rude, so unkind," observed Mrs. Allan, lowering her voice in dismay. "Surely if you wished to return Mr. Hesketh his money, you might have done so in a gentler and more ladylike manner. And he so kind, too, so assiduous in his inquiries about you! And a case of champagne sent here, with his compliments, while you were ill! I must say, Gwendoline, I never thought you could behave so badly and ungratefully."

I was weak—very weak—unnerved, timorous, broken-spirited and broken-hearted, and their angry, reproachful words took deep effect on me.

I felt frightened, distressed, ashamed, and remorseful, when, two days afterwards, Walter Hesketh came down from London.

"He wants to see you—have you any objection?" my aunt Sophia asked, shortly. "The room's well enough, if that's what you are thinking of,"

"No," I said, flushing weakly; "only—let him come in."

I would not have dared to say so to her, but my poor womanly vanity or instinct did make me shrink for a moment from letting the man whose admiration had offended me to see me now, the poor, emaciated, shorn, disfigured wreck that I was.

"Mrs. Allan will remain in the room, of course," persisted my aunt, with that exceeding coarseness of ideas which usually accompanies excessive prudery.

"Yes—yes—of course," I said, impatiently. "Let him come up."

If he perceived a great and shocking change in my appearance, he at least concealed it well. Only intense pity, gentleness, and earnest solicitude were in his eyes and voice as he sat down beside the couch on which I was lying, wrapped in dressing-gown and shawl.

"I am so glad to see you again," he said, in his pleasant, deep, soft voice, taking my thin, wax-pale hand in his warm, strong, firm fingers; and then he drew out of his breast-pocket a letter the envelope of which I recognized as my own.

"What does this mean?" he asked, quietly. "I think you are under some mistake about this money. But I must not worry you about business," he added, anxiously, as the quick burning color surged up through my white face; "only it distresses me so much to think that—"

"Mistake about the money?" I asked, struggling to support myself in a sitting posture. "What mistake? You—you sent it?"

"No," he said, quietly; "I never sent those two notes—knew nothing whatever of them until I received your rather unkind letter yesterday. I never sent you that money—I should not have ventured to take such a liberty."

I dropped back heavily on my pillow, and tears of shame and distress filled my eyes.

"Pray forgive me," I said, trying to control myself; "I was very hasty—very rude. You sent so many costly presents here during my illness that I thought you sent me that money, and it annoyed me so!"

"I did not send it—I know nothing of it," he repeated; "but, if I had, it ought not to have annoyed you so much. I am rather an unlucky fellow, I think," he said, with a melancholy smile. "However, in the present instance I can safely declare myself guiltless of having done anything to displease you."

"Pray forgive me, Mr. Hesketh," I whispered, earnestly.

"Certainly," he rejoined, gravely.

"You have been very kind to me always, and I have never thanked you," I said, with quivering lips; "I thank you now. I have not so many friends left, that I should turn one from me."

"Do not say any more—all is forgiven and forgotten," he said, entreatingly; "pray do not distress yourself about such a trifle. You will not misunderstand me again, or blame me without sufficient cause, I am sure."

"No—no! Indeed I never will!" I returned, wildly. "I have wronged you—I never will again! I have wronged you, and he—he liked you so well."

And then I burst into bitter weeping and convulsive sobs, which shook me from head to foot. They were the first tears I had shed since I had heard the story of how my darling died; and, although each sob seemed to rend my very heart, it seemed to bring relief from the stony weight that lay heavily on my breast by night and by day.

"He did indeed," Walter Hesketh said, in a low voice, bending over me, "and almost the last words he spoke to me were—'I hope so much that Gwendoline and you will be friends.' He stooped lower, and his calm, clear voice grew husky and tremulous. 'Then for his sake, Gwendoline, let us be friends.'"

Keeping my weeping face buried still, I stretched out my hand blindly, and Walter Hesketh, raising it to his lips, kissed it twice, and then went away.

So we were friends, Walter Hesketh and I—fast friends, pledged friends; and I stopped my ears, turned away and refused to listen to the whisper from my inner consciousness, which said that mere friendship was not what Walter Hesketh desired—was the last thing on earth which he would desire between me and himself.

Thus I was as far from discovering the source of the gift of the money as ever. I suggested once to Mrs. Allan that Blanche Dyas might be the remorseful donor; but, as she very sharply scolded the idea, I relinquished it. As the money at all events would enable me to continue my tenancy of Grayfriars Lodge for another year, I announced my intention to my aunt Sophia; and in spite of her excessive displeasure and stormy opposition, I kept to it, principally because Mrs. Allan was secretly inclined to my plan also.

Of course the accustomed taunts of my being "self-willed," "unchastened," "ungrateful," were showered upon me; but, as I with silent obstinacy endured them all, unyielding, my aunt Sophia held a strict reckoning of certain moneys disbursed by her on my account, and, these being repaid to her to the uttermost farthing, she shook off the dust of Grayfriars from her feet, and returned to Wymondstowe alone.

So gradually our little household of three fell into its former ways. Honest, stupid, poor Margaret came back gladly to serve us again, and did wonders in her zeal and affection for Louisa and me; and, as Mrs. Allan was a just and considerate mistress if a rather punctilious one, Margaret suffered her away with a very good grace.

For, as week after week went on, and I continued too feeble for any exertion, the entire household management fell into Mrs. Allan's hands, and the listless languor of a quiet moping melancholy seemed to settle down over my joyless, aimless existence, and enfold me ever, as it were, in the sombre shadows of my deep-black mourning-garments. Even Mrs. Allan's affection for me, which had grown into real, solicitous tenderness, had none other than an injudicious effect. Finding me implicitly obedient, quiet, low-voiced and spiritless, and having none of my old faults to reproach, she prescribed no other tonic for my lassitude and fits of speechless melancholy than indulgence and caressing.

A few friends came to see us from time to time, from whose presence I shrank whenever it was possible. Amongst others, Mr. Glynn came; but his visit, kind and considerate as he was, only seemed to reopen scarce-closed wounds, and disturb the stolid quiet which I was endeavoring to maintain.

He was hoping to see his loved one again. Poor suffering maniac, as they said he was, yet he was living—living enfeebled and shattered mentally and bodily as he was, with faint hope of ultimate restoration.

Despondently and sadly the father spoke.

"He is in a living grave—living, but dead to us; it were almost better for him and for us if he had died with his shipmates."

"How can you speak so? Is not your son alive still?" I demanded, passionately, in my envious anguish. "Is there not hope where there is life? It is only from the graves of our dead we must turn away hopeless."

"As far as this life is concerned," said Mr. Glynn, gently, his gray head bowed sorrowfully—



"and the days of this life that we think so much of are few and full of trouble—I had rather, and so would his mother who bore him, know that my boy was safely gone to the world where neither death nor trouble can ever come than see him linger on here an object of pity at the best."

In the fierce struggle of contending emotions of grief, pain, and despair, I had given little heed to Mr. Glynn's statements, beyond the one that he had learned that his son was living, but confined in a lunatic ward, and that Herbert Glynn, his elder brother, was about to sail for the Cape, and bring him home if it were possible; but afterwards Mrs. Allan, who always noted a statement correctly, said that it was not poor Harry Glynn's brother Herbert, but his uncle Herbert, who was going out to Cape Town. Young Herbert's wife was in bad health, and he could not leave her, unless there was no one else to go.

I looked at Mrs. Allan with a kind of dull anger. How accurately she had learned and repeated all this news, even news of people whom she had never seen! Herbert Glynn, and Herbert Glynn's uncle, and Herbert's wife's bad health! What were they to her or to me—to her who mourned her son, to me in my widowed bereavement?

Widowed? Alas, one of the bitterest drops in my bitter cup was that I was not widowed in the eyes of the world! I had but lost a lover, not a husband. I had no right to bear his name, no right to wear widowed garments. I might have had. I might if I had but consented to his boyish lover's pleadings that long-ago morning at Wymondstowe. It may be accounted puerile cause for grief, but it stabbed me with a poignant regret each time I recollected that I could never write on my tomb George Allan's name.

And so the days went on in a monotonous course; the summer came and went. I scarce remember how, and the golden autumn time was drawing night again. Its sunshine was to have gilded my wedding morning just twelve months ago; I began to think now that its first-fallen amber-hued leaves would strew my grave. I had not thought this until I perceived in the faces of those about me, in Mrs. Allan's peevishly-anxious warning about my health, and incessant scolding about my appetite, in the doctor's exceeding cheerfulness and frequent visits, and poor Louisa's weebegone face as she watched me.

"We must leave this place as soon as the year is up, my dear," Mrs. Allan said. "Your income and Louisa's and mine make but a little over two hundred a year altogether, you know. Of course we could not go on living here on that. It doesn't agree with you either, I am sure. Those great trees are unhealthy, I know, so we will take some cheerful unfurnished apartments somewhere, at twenty pounds a year or thereabouts, in some pleasant, busy little country town in a southern county. It will be much nicer, my dear."

"I should like to stay here a little while longer," I opposed, faintly. "Mrs. Allan, I want to die here. I meant to live all my life here—I should like to do so still. It will not be very long, I think."

"Gwendoline, how can you talk so!" Mrs. Allan cried, reproachfully, wiping away her tears. "It is because those great trees are so unhealthy that you do not feel strong. Lady Cecilia ought to get them cut down—the doctor said so—sapping up all the life and oxygen, and all that sort of thing in the air, he said. You want nothing but a change of air, child—change of air, and a change of tonics, too. I don't think, Doctor Kingsley is skillful in tonics. Ah, poor dear Doctor Larkley, at Meadham! I wish I could take you to Doctor Larkley!"

Next day, with a very perturbed face, she entered my room.

"Gwendoline, it is very wrong of Louisa to repeat to the servant everything she hears said in the parlor."

"What has she repeated?" I asked.

"What I said yesterday," said Mrs. Allan, coloring with annoyance. "Of course I am glad of it, in one way; but then it might have been of great harm; and certainly Lady Cecilia must think—"

"What was it about?" I inquired, wearily.

"About the trees," said Mrs. Allan, opening her eyes wide in her alarm. "She must have told Margaret, and Margaret told some of her ladyship's servants. He sent over the wood-ranger with her compliments just now, to say that, if you wished any of the trees removed that grow so thickly near the house, you were to point them out to the ranger, and that they should be cut down to-morrow. Did you ever hear of such a thing? I am quite ashamed!"

"But, if you recollect, Louisa was not in the room when you spoke of the trees," I objected.

"Well, Margaret declares she did not speak about the trees to any one," said Mrs. Allan, looking bewildered; "so it must have been the doctor."

But Doctor Kingsley, on his next visit, assured us that he had not had an opportunity even of speaking to Lady Cecilia or any of her servants on the subject of the trees—so he could not account for her sudden whim.

"It is a very good-natured one," said he, briefly; "which is more than can be said for most of her ladyship's whims."

According to her ladyship's permission, therefore, some of the larger and more crowded trees were cut down, and a wider view and freer air and brighter light given to the house; but I grew no better or stronger for it, nor for the countless remedies and restoratives with which poor Mrs. Allan worried both me and herself to the limits of endurance.

(To be continued.)

## THE ICE-BOUND FLEET OF FISHING VESSELS

OF PROVINCETOWN, CAPE COD.

THE severity of the present winter has been keenly felt all along the Northern Atlantic coast. Never before, probably, have the bays and inlets been so thoroughly ice-bound. The hardy fishermen who follow their avocation along the coast have, in addition to the usual perils and hardships of their calling, this winter experienced some of the rigors of the Arctic regions. Near Provincetown, Cape Cod, a fleet of fishing-boats were caught in the immense ice-fields, and for a time great anxiety was felt for the safety of the men on board. Miles from the shore, completely surrounded by ice, which in many places was piled tier on tier to a height of many feet, with a cold and biting air, with scarcely any provisions in the ships' lockers, and the vessels carrying but small supplies of fuel, the position of the crews was perilous. Attempts were made to reach them, but at first all efforts to do so were unsuccessful. The United States steamer *Gallatin* went to the assistance of the ice-bound vessels on February 15th, but was unable, owing to the ice-floes, to reach them. The steam tug *Major* was sent from Boston, and endeavored to make a channel through the ice, but was unsuccessful. After several days' battle with the ice, some of the vessels were got into clear water, but others were still imbedded. Communication was also established with the shore in various places, and provisions and fuel conveyed

to the fleet on sleds. The scene given in our illustration shows the condition of the fleet while ice-bound. The frost-covered vessels, the white fields of ice, the busy men working to cut a channel, the sledges being dragged over the frozen surface, make a picture more in unison with the Polar regions than the smooth bay of Cape Cod, where, in summer time, the tourist floats idly over the waves enjoying the soft air of the Atlantic.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

"JUSTICE TABLE" AT THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE FAIR IN BEHALF OF THE A.S.P.C.A.

ON the 22d of February the Massachusetts State Fair, for the benefit of the "American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," was opened at Horticultural Hall, Boston. It was well attended, and a handsome amount secured for the treasury of the association. We give an illustration of one of the most attractive features of the fair—the "Justice Table," presided over by Mrs. William Appleton. On the wall, in the rear of this stand, is a painting by Mr. J. H. Priest, illustrating Longfellow's "Alarm Bell of Atri." The poem teaches in such sweet words the duty of justice to "creatures dumb and unknown to the laws," that the managers of the fair, by permission of the proprietors of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which it originally appeared, had it reprinted on tinted paper and sold for the benefit of the Society. Thus runs the legend:

At Atri a great bell hung in the market-place, which, whenever wrong was done to any man, his was the privilege to ring for justice. The days sped happily at Atri; it was a peaceful hamlet in Abuzzo, and there were not many wrongs to right, and the rope at last was worn away. But leaves and tendrils of a vine had grown upon it, and they

"Hung like a votive garland at a shrine."

A poor old horse, half-starved and thin, turned upon the highway by a knight who neglected his faithful beast after its day of usefulness was past, barked at by dogs, and torn by briar and thorn, sought food wherever it could be found. Grazing near the tower, he saw the hempen rope with the vine entwined about it, and began to tug at leaf and sprig, until there sounded out upon the sleepy town the accusing bell. The proclamation of the king was made in answer to this appeal, and the poor steed was cared for from that day.

## THE LAST LOAF.

SCENE IN THE COAL REGIONS DURING A STRIKE.

THE sad story of the suffering that frequently befalls the families of the mistaken workmen who follow the lead of the blatant demagogues—the orators who prate of the utility of strikes—receives an apt illustration in our artist's sketch. It is from real life, and shows a scene near Mine Hill, in the coal region of Pennsylvania, during a miner's strike. The father of the family, a strong, athletic man whose labor could bring means to support his family in comfort, sits idly by his cabin-door carousing with his boon companions, while his hard-worked wife and almost starving children gather around the oven, as they place in it the last loaf, doubtful as to where the next supply of food may come from. The old mother of the laborer silently appeals to heaven that He who feeds the ravens may not allow her cherished ones to go unfed. In the distance are collieries lying idle for want of workmen such as he who thus allows his family to want. What a happy home this man might make for himself and family! A neat cot, with smiling wife and happy children to greet his return from an honest day's labor, might take the place of this dismal hovel and dejected family, would he but work contentedly for a fair remuneration.

## AN IDYL OF A STONE JUG.

MRS. SMITH, who lives on Olive Street, St. Louis, is troubled with cold feet, as is also Mr. Smith, and not for the world could we reveal the number of the Smiths' house—not that any such little personal peculiarity is disgraceful, but, because, on general principles, the domestic circle should not be ruthlessly invaded. Having cold feet, Mrs. Smith devised a remedy, and resolved, when the recent frigid spell of weather came on, that she and her lord should dream the happy hours of night away regardless of the temperature. She got a two-gallon jug and filled it with warm water and tucked it in at the foot of the bed. It proved an admirable thing, and neither Mrs. Smith nor Mr. Smith were troubled with cold feet for several nights. In fact, all would probably have gone well to the end had it not been for the miserable obtuseness of the servant-girl. The servant-girl had never become fully acquainted with the properties of steam, and one day last week she heated the water too much. The cork of the jug was driven in as far as it would go; then the jug was set upon the stove, and when the water began to boil the foot-warmer was carried upstairs and placed beneath the clothes at the end of the bed in which Mr. and Mrs. Smith were already ensconced.

The Smiths, husband and wife, cuddled their feet against the jug and were happy—it was so warm and the bed was so cold. Sweet sleep was just about casting its mantle over the couple, so to speak, when there came suddenly from the foot of the bed a report like that of a shot-gun, and Mrs. Smith, hit with awful force by the cork of the jug, leaped screaming to the floor, shrieking for the police. Almost at the same instant Smith himself was nearly killed. A volume of hot water struck him fairly; then, raking up his back, literally plowing a scalding furrow through the skin. His yells as he bounded from bed were fearful, and a parting squirt from the jug, which left his left leg parboiled, brought forth even more hideous sounds. The Smiths capered around the room in consternation and agony until the girl came running in with a lamp, and surveyed the ruin she had wrought by getting up too much steam in a jug. Finally the Smiths retired again, all bound up in cotton-battings and sweet-oiled, but the jug was smashed by Smith in his fierce wrath, and, since the night of the catastrophe, cold feet have been made a specialty in that family.

## CHINESE HOSPITALITY.

THE San Francisco papers record a perfect marvel in the way of a Christmas dinner given by a few wealthy Chinese merchants to some of their American friends. Under the guidance of Dune Sone and Yim Chang, the guests found themselves in a perfect maze of grandeur, rivaling the description of the "Arabian Nights" in splendor. There were gigantic lanterns, gilded hangings and embroidered chairs. During dinner the guests were regaled with the "Overture à la Confucius; or,

Celestial Chords," with tin-pans and clashing of gongs. There were lacquered tables with ivory chess and checkers for those who cared to retire for a smoke. Over the backs of the sofas and chairs and around the side tables were covers of elaborately embroidered scarlet broadcloth in gold and silver. The dinner-table was a marvel of taste and beauty. No two plates or bowls were alike. Besides the chop-sticks, there were the usual array of spoons, knives, etc., and scattered over the table were images of dragons, lions, antelopes, and devil-fish, in rice, flour and sugar. The native wine was scented with attar of roses, and it was so strong that a couple of thimblefuls were considered sufficient for the evening. The bill of fare consisted of thirty courses, comprising stewed birds' nests, stewed shark-fins, duck-legs, Li Chee nuts, pigeons, watermelon-seeds, fried fish-fins, mushrooms, and duck's web-foot, caper sauce and ham, and almond paste. The pastry was wonderful in design, resembling birds, beasts, and fishes in endless variety. After each course the party left the table, conversed, lounged, or smoked. Following the Chinese dinner came a European spread of twelve or thirteen courses. After six hours of hard dining, the party separated.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FIRST MEETING of the Italian division of the International Commission for the Measuring of the Meridian took place at the Military Topographical Office at Naples, January 20th.

BY MOISTENING the knife or borer with a moderately strong solution of caustic soda and potash, instead of with water or alcohol, it is said that india-rubber may be cut with as much ease as ordinary cork-wood.

THERE HAS BEEN IN EXISTENCE for some time in Spain an Inter-Continental Railway Company, whose object is to connect Europe and Africa by a tunnel underneath the Straits of Gibraltar, the maximum depth of which is 819 metres.

THE OBSERVATORY OF PARIS is to give a series of *soirées* on the first Monday of each month. Instruments will be placed at the disposal of visitors for observing celestial phenomena, and the most important inventions will be exhibited and explained.

IT IS A GENERAL BELIEF AMONG SAILORS that a fall of rain will calm the surface of the sea. This belief gains support from some recent investigations by Prof. Osborne Reynolds, "On the Effect of Drops of Rain Falling into Water." He demonstrates that the fall would tend to destroy some of the wave-motion that is present in the water.

AN INTERESTING collection of stone mining-tools, discovered last year at Alderley Edge, in Cheshire, has recently been exhibited before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester by Professor Boyd Dawkins. The tools, which are chiefly hammers formed of stone boulders, appear to have been used in working the copper-ores of that locality. It is difficult to determine the precise period at which they were in use, but it appears safe to carry their date back to pre-Roman times, and thus to class them among pre-historic relics.

THE LONG-EXPECTED SURVEY MAP of Lake Tanganyika, by Lieutenant Cameron, has at length reached England. It gives the whole coast-line of this magnificent sheet of water in great detail, on both sides, from Ujiji to the southern extremity. In some parts it differs somewhat from Livingston's map; but the chief novelty, the outlet to the lake, discovered by Cameron, is laid down with great clearness, and is shown as issuing as a well-marked river, from the bottom of a broad bay in the western shore. This important map is being engraved, and will be issued with the next number of the *Proceedings* of the Royal Geographical Society.

COLONEL PLAYFAIR, the Consul-General of Algeria, reports that the cultivation of the vine in that country is becoming yearly of greater importance, the advance in the prices of wine in France having given a greater impetus to its cultivation in Algeria. The Sahel, which comprises an area of 125,000 acres, is especially suited to the vine-culture, and it is anticipated that this space will some day be nearly covered with the plant. At the time of writing the report, Consul Playfair says, the Phylloxera had not reached Algeria, and the importation of wine-cuttings from any part of Europe was rigorously prohibited.

HOW NITRIC ACID and other oxygen compounds of nitrogen can be formed in nature is a question which has been studied of late by Prof. Carius, who has contributed a memoir on this subject to Liebig's "Annalen der Chemie." It has been asserted that oxides of nitrogen may be produced by oxidation of atmospheric nitrogen through the agency of ozone, but the results of the author's experiments are directly opposed to such a conclusion, and appear to show that free nitrogen remains unacted on in the presence of this active oxygen. The author believes that the most important reaction in nature by which nitrates and nitrites are generated is the oxidation of ammonia by means of ozone; in this case nitrate of ammonia and peroxide of hydrogen are simultaneously formed, and the nitrite may then be oxidized to the state of a nitrate by the action of the peroxide.

IT IS WORTH RECORDING that Dr. Harrington, Chemist to the Geological Survey of Canada, has recently described a new mineral species which presents a remarkable chemical constitution, inasmuch as it appears from the analyses to be a hydrous carbonate of alumina, lime and soda. The existence of an artificial carbonate of alumina is extremely doubtful, but it should not be forgotten that many years ago a mineral from Hove, near Brighton, was described by Messrs. J. H. and G. Gladstone, under the name of *Hovite*, and that these chemists then suggested that their specimen might be a carbonate of alumina and lime. The Canadian mineral may have a similar constitution, or it may be merely a compound of hydrate of alumina, with the carbonates of lime and soda. This new species was found at McGill College, Montreal, and has received the name of *Dawsonite*, after the distinguished Principal of the College.

IN A PAPER read before the Paris Société d'Acclimatization, Dr. Turrel suggests that the rapid spread of the *Phylloxera vastatrix* in France may be due to the scarcity of small birds in that country. Forty years ago, he says, linnets, tits, etc., were numerous in Provence, and in the autumn they could be seen posted on the vine-branches, carrying on a vigorous search after the insects, and larvae and eggs of insects, concealed in the cracks of the stem and leaves of the plants. Since the commencement of the present century, however, it is easy to perceive that the destruction of small birds has been carried on more and more generally, and that, concurrently with this war of extermination against the feathered tribes, the number of destructive insects have increased at an alarming rate. Dr. Turrel thinks that, though it cannot be absolutely maintained that the odium and the *Phylloxera*, the two latest forms of vine diseases—the one a vegetable, the other an insect parasite—owe their frightful extension to the scarcity of small birds, yet it is unquestionable that a plant like the vine, weakened by the attacks of insects, is less in a condition to withstand the ravages of parasites, and that, deprived of its feathered protectors, and left to the successive and unchecked onslaught of the vine-grub and other normal enemies, it has been predisposed to succumb before the ravages of its new enemies.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

WHEN Harry Palmer returns from Europe he will bring with him Dr. Von Bulow.

It is reported that the Empress Eugénie is suffering with consumption, and cannot live much longer.

SENATOR HAMLIN is said to be the most graceful male dancer in Washington since General Sherman left.

VICTOR EMMANUEL changed the royal coat of arms on New Year's from the White Cross of Savoy to the "Star of Italy."

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS has consented to deliver the oration at the Centennial of Concord, which occurs on the 19th of April next.

GARNIER, the architect of the new Opera House in Paris, was engaged fifteen years in the work, and received \$138,400 for his services.

ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, son of the deceased naturalist, follows closely in his father's steps. He is now in South America, exploring Lake Titicaca.

HERE is another victory for woman. Mrs. Lydia Bradley, of Peoria, Ill., has been elected a Director of the First National Bank of that city; but she is very wealthy.

THE King of Burmah announces that he is about to start a newspaper, and will engineer the editorials in person. Those of his subjects who do not subscribe are to be executed.

MRS. PARALU HASKELL, Superintendent of the State Library of Tennessee, was appointed by Governor Senter in 1871, and has proven herself so capable that the Legislature has wisely reconfirmed her at every session.

MACMAHON'S receptions in Paris have been uncomfortably crowded. People pushed and elbowed each other just as our fashionable ladies do at the matinees and at the Philharmonic rehearsals.

A GRANITE boulder from the Kearsarge Mountain is to be erected over the grave of Admiral Winslow in Mount Auburn Cemetery, which will be emblematically fashioned to commemorate the ship and peak he rendered famous.

POETRY has well paid Mr. Tennyson. He owns valuable property in Lincolnshire, on the Isle of Wight, and in the County of Surrey. He must have thought of his own success when he wrote: "The poet in a golden clime was born."

THE Hon. Thomas C. McCreery of Kentucky is now the only member of the United States Senate who voted against Mr. Johnson's impeachment. He entered the Senate on the 27th of February, 1868, and the vote was taken on the 16th of May following.

SAMUEL J. McMILLAN, the new Senator from Minnesota, was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., and removed into Minnesota in 1853, where he became successively a Judge of the District Court, a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, and presiding Judge of that body.

SENATOR FENTON of New York, whose term of office expires this week, was Governor of the State at the culminating period of the war, and rendered the metropolis great service by vetoing a number of Bills which would have deprived it of valuable franchises without compensating advantages.

CONGRESSMAN ORTH of Indiana, who it is thought will succeed Mr. Jay as United States Minister to Austria, was elected a member of the Forty-third Congress over Mr. Kerr, Democrat. His last service was as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, when he was a most convenient tool of the White House Ring.

THE Grand Duke Alexis starts off in the Spring for another tour of the world, in the *Svetlana*. These voyages are ordered by the Czar to break the young fellow's spirit, and cause him to renounce his pretty wife and babe, now in exile; but the Duke has as much stubbornness as his father—neither will yield.

It is reported that when in Paris on his way to be crowned in Madrid, Alfonso was seized by the Orleans princes and induced to promise to marry the Princess Maria de las Mercedes, daughter of the Duke de Montpensier, a girl of fifteen. This, if true, was a political bargain for the injury of the Prince Imperial. The sister of the Princess is wife of the Count de Paris.

IF a coup d'état is to be made in the interests of the French Prince Imperial, Marshal Canrobert is the very person to issue the first pronouncement. He was one of the late Emperor's staunchest friends, and although considered too old and weak to take an active part in the late war, Napoleon was obliged to yield to the veteran's appeals and place him in an important position. He is a most uncompromising Imperialist.

THOMAS HILLHOUSE, the Sub-Treasurer at New York City, is a man of more than usual executive ability. During the administration of Governor Morgan he was Adjutant-General of the N. G. S. N. Y., and subsequently became Comptroller. He is the "father" of the principle that Congress should adopt the means of compulsory service, and his arguments were extensively quoted just before the Bill to enroll the national forces passed Congress.

A REMARKABLE mortality has prevailed among members of Congress during the last three months. Three members-elect have died since November last—Mr. Allen of New York; Mr. McMillan of Georgia, and Mr. Head of Tennessee. In addition, five members of the present House have died—Messrs. Crocker and Hooper of Massachusetts; Hersey of Maine; Rice of Illinois, and Mellich of New York, and to those named must be added the recent death of Senator Buckingham.

WHEN the Prince Imperial graduated at Woolwich the world was informed that he would now devote all his energies to the restoration, that is, to secure the throne of his father for himself. The strongest of his opponents is the Count de Chambord; but, if rumors are correct, the latter is ineligible to the French throne on account of being illegitimate. His father's first wife was a Miss Brown, of London, still living, by whom he had two children. In 1816 he was forced to marry the Princess Caroline, of Naples, by whom he had the Count in question. All historical precedents tend to show that a King of France had no power to annul a marriage; therefore the Count's father committed bigamy, and the Count himself is illegitimate.

THE *Fovaya Vrimis*, newspaper, of St. Petersburg, speaks in these flattering terms of a hard-working American at that capital: "Having lived seven years in Russia—first, as Consul at Moscow, then at Revel, and lastly as Secretary of the American Legation at St. Petersburg—Mr. Schuyler has thoroughly and accurately acquainted himself with our language and literature, not only in their modern aspects, but also in the earlier phases of their history and development. He is now engaged in translating from old Russian literature some curious and interesting accounts of travels by our ancestors through Europe and Asia—such, for instance, as the journey of the Metropolitan Isidor to a council in Florence, and the travels of Engelichef and Burkhask in China. Not a single page of contemporary literature does Mr. Schuyler let pass unnoticed, and he writes from time to time extremely accurate and interesting accounts of recent Russian publications for that well-known English journal, the *Athenaeum*, which is noted for its concise and systematic reviews of foreign literature."



### FITZ JOHN PORTER, AND HIS APPEAL FOR JUSTICE.

**FITZ JOHN PORTER**, who has made another appeal to President Grant for a revision of the proceedings at his trial by court-martial during the war, graduated at West Point eighth in a class of 145. His first service was during the Mexican war, where he served under Generals Taylor and Scott throughout that contest, being severely wounded at Garita, and receiving, besides two promotions, the highest commendations for bravery, strategic skill, and soldierly integrity. From 1849 to 1860 he performed a variety of duty, both in the field and as instructor at West Point, and from his services at Charleston Harbor and Key West—the first military work, upon the Federal side, of the war—up to his trial and dismissal, upon charges preferred by General Pope to cover his own incapacity, General Porter's promotions were rapid, his commands of the highest importance, his field-work most effective, and his judgment of the situation so correct, as to win the hearty acknowledgments of Generals McClellan and Blair; Mr. Cameron, then Secretary of War; Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, and the lamented Lincoln.

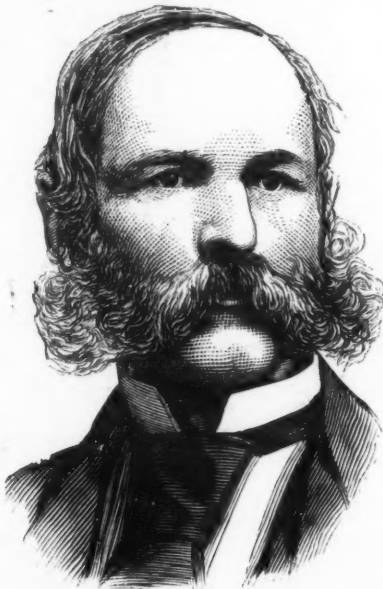
The circumstances attending General Porter's manifestly unjust treatment are in brief as follows:

On the army withdrawing from Harrison's Landing he was sent to Williamsburg to remain till the whole army had passed his division, when it was to become the rear guard of the army in its change of base to General Pope's assistance. At Williamsburg, before the army joined Porter, he was reliably informed that Lee's whole army, without molesting ours, had gone to crush General Pope before he could be reinforced by McClellan. Informing McClellan of this intention, and the Government at Washington of the movement, General Porter hurried to Fort Monroe and embarked as rapidly as vessels were furnished. He thus hastened, by at least two days, the embarkation of the army, and his action was commended by McClellan.

He joined General Pope at Warrenton Junction on the 27th of August, 1862, just after Pope had been surprised by Jackson, with 25,000 men, cutting his rear and holding his "lines of retreat" to Washington, and destroying his depot of supplies and railroad rolling-stock.

He held such a position in front of Lee's right wing (Longstreet's Corps) then facing Pope, but unknown to him, as to deter General Lee from attacking and overwhelming, that day, Pope's scattered forces.

On the 29th of August, 1862, General Lee had a body of troops aggregating 56,500 men, including Longstreet's Division, in Porter's front, and General Pope, ignorant of this fact, ordered Porter to attack the flank and rear of Jackson's division, then im-



FITZ JOHN PORTER, EX-MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. A.

mediately before him. This, General Porter refused to do, believing it would be simply criminal to sacrifice the lives of his command in an attack that could have but one result—a most complete slaughter of Federal soldiers. Toward the close of the next day General Porter was injudiciously ordered "to pursue the enemy in his retreat and push him vigorously all the day," and his corps led in the disastrous attack upon Lee's exultant and advantageously posted forces, then prepared to take the initiative—an attack which nearly annihilated General Porter's corps, and also resulted in the defeat of Pope and in compelling him to retreat to the defenses of Washington, and the restoration of McClellan to command. General Pope immediately preferred charges against General Porter, and he was tried by a partial court-martial and dismissed the service. General Porter has secured a vast amount of evidence not previously procurable, which, if the President will grant the opportunity, will completely exonerate the ex-major-general from the charges and odium under which he has been suffering for nearly thirteen years.

### THE HON. ISAAC P. CHRISTIANCY.

**JUDGE CHRISTIANCY**, who was elected United States Senator to succeed Mr. Chandler of Michigan, was born March 2d, 1812, in (what was then) Johnstown, Montgomery County, N. Y., now Cavogo, Fulton County. His father was a poor, hard-working farmer who, when his son was but twelve years old, was badly crushed by a log rolling over him, which disabled him for life. From that time forward the support of a large family devolved in a great measure upon the son. He worked at farming, lumbering, and various other industries until, by close application to school during the winter, and devoting his evenings to reading and study, he became competent for the position of school-teacher. He was thus engaged from the age of eighteen to twenty-one, at Pleasant Valley, now Rockwood. This occupation increased his opportunity for improving his mind, and also enabled him to attend, for several months, the academy at Johnstown and Kingsboro'.

At the age of twenty-one he went to Ovid, Seneca County, continuing to teach school, and also availing the educational advantages offered by the Academy of that place. He then entered the law-office of the late Hon. John Maynard, as a student, where he remained until the Spring of



HON. I. P. CHRISTIANCY, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM MICHIGAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY B. F. HALL, LANSING, MICH.

1836, when he went to Monroe, Mich., and completed his studies with Hon. Robert McClelland, since Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Christiancy was admitted to the Michigan Bar, and practiced law at Monroe until he was called to the Bench of the Supreme Court in January, 1858.

In 1848, feeling a deep interest in excluding slavery from the free territories of the United States, he left the Democratic Party. In that year he attended the Buffalo Convention, which, under the lead of Salmon P. Chase, Charles Francis Adams, Benjamin F. Butler of New York, and others, founded what was known as the Buffalo or Free Soil Platform, and nominated Martin Van Buren for the Presidency. In 1849, contrary to his wishes, he was nominated by all three of the parties—Democrats, Whigs and Free Soilers—and was unanimously elected to the State Senate. For

three sessions he occupied this position. He opposed the resolutions rescinding the instructions to General Cass to support the Wilmot Proviso, and continued to protest against the extension of slavery.

In 1854 Mr. Christiancy was instrumental in preparing the plan for and organizing the Republican Party in Michigan, where, in fact, it was first formed and named, Mr. Chandler being then opposed to this movement, and denouncing as "Woollyheads" those who joined in it. The movement was, however, at once successful, and Mr. Chandler thought better of it.

In the Winter of 1857 the present Supreme Court of Michigan was organized by the Legislature, and Mr. Christiancy was nominated by the Republican Party as one of the Judges of that Court, with Judge Campbell, still upon the Bench, and Judges



THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE LOUIS BONARD, IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY, N. Y., BY THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Martin and Manning—since dead—Judge Cooley having taken the place of the former, and Judge Graves of the latter.

In January, 1865, the question of the constitutionality of the Soldiers' Suffrage Act came before the Court. The next April an election was to be held to fill his place upon the Bench; he joined with the majority of the Court in holding the statute void, and wrote an opinion to that effect. But the Legislature having held otherwise, and admitted members elected by the votes of soldiers in the field, became, to some extent, hostile to the Court. The more influential of the Republican papers sustained Judge Christiancy in his opinion, and he was again nominated by the Republican Convention for the same office. The Democratic Convention, held soon after, declined to oppose him, and he was unanimously elected.

In 1873 both parties, in separate conventions, nominated him, and he was again honored with his position.

Mr. Christiancy's successful Senatorial contest was all on one side. With a large enterprising lobby pulling every string for Mr. Chandler, Mr. Christiancy refused to put forth the slightest effort to aid in his own election.

Being under no pledges, the platform of Senator Christiancy is to support or oppose measures only upon their merits, according to the dictates of his own conscience and judgment.

### THE BONARD MONUMENT.

**THE** Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has just erected in Greenwood Cemetery an elegant monument over the grave of Louis Bonard. It will be remembered that Mr. Bonard, a wealthy French gentleman, bequeathed his entire fortune to this humane Association. The will was contested, but after a long struggle the Surrogate decided that its provisions must be carried out. The monument is of massive granite, displaying the emblem of the Society in bronze, and various appropriate inscriptions. Republics are not always ungrateful, nor are the in-



MR. MACCABE AS "THE WANDERING MINSTREL," IN HIS ENTERTAINMENT, "BEGONE DULL CARE."

heritors of wealth always forgetful. The Society greatly honored its benefactor by purchasing the lot for the burial of his remains and by erecting this substantial evidence of man's humanity.

### MR. FREDERICK MACCABE, THE CELEBRATED MONOLOGUE ARTIST.

**WHEN** Mr. Frederick MacCabe, the distinguished monologue artist who earned a deserved name in London, opened his entertainment several months ago at Steinway Hall, he secured an immediate triumph. It was seen that the bill of fare he presented to his patrons had wit and music for its spice, and never dropped into the presentation of coarse features. The influential and respectable class of people who do not visit the theatre flocked to MacCabe, and when he found it necessary to transfer his headquarters to Robinson Hall his success followed him. In our character-engraving of Mr. MacCabe we see him in his inimitable personation of the London street musician. Of his varied programme, this is, perhaps, the most artistic conception. It never fails to provoke roars of laughter, and is, in its way, as fine a display of character-painting as we have ever seen.

### ST. JOHN'S GUILD.

WHAT IT DOES FOR THE POOR OF NEW YORK.

**"YE** have the poor with you always." This is as true to-day as when uttered by the Great Teacher nearly nineteen hundred years ago. Through all the ages of progress, civilization and enlightenment no means have been found to eradicate the evils of poverty from the social system. No boon that would bring peace and plenty to all has yet been discovered. But with each era of advancement comes some plan to mitigate and soften the trials of the poor. The world grows better. The words of charity and good-will to man that come from the lips of thoughtful teachers, the poet's sweet pleadings for human rights, the painter's touching pictures of poverty and want, each imperceptibly foster a kinder feeling for the unfortunate, and noble men and women strive to





TAKING THE NAMES OF APPLICANTS FOR RELIEF AT THE OFFICE, NO. 52 VARICK STREET.



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make glad some aching breast and lighten the burden of some less fortunate fellow-being. Our own time and our own country have been marked by many efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the needy, and no organization has done more good or succeeded better in systematizing practical and comprehensive charity than St. John's Guild of New York.

The object of the organization is well defined by the Managers of the Guild, in their last annual report, to be for the purpose of sustaining the honest poor in their struggle for existence and to prevent professional mendicancy, pauperism, and crime. The Guild is composed of ladies and gentlemen who not only volunteer to visit regularly among the poor, but personally to provide for the payment of salaries and all office expenses.

The money contributed by the public to this noble charity is therefore used entirely for the relief of the destitute.

The Guild office is at No. 52 Varick Street. It is open from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. There can daily be witnessed an active scene. The master-spirit of the management is the Rev. Alvah Wiswall, a gentleman who has given the best years of his life to this cause, and whose executive ability and untiring energy have contributed largely to the success of this organization. He is ably assisted by a volunteer corps, which includes many active business men, and ladies of the highest social circles, in the city. The workings of the Guild are admirably systematized, and every precaution is taken to direct the beneficence in proper channels. The city is divided into districts, to each



THE CELLAR OF 99 ALLEN STREET VISITED BY THE COMMITTEE OF ST. JOHN'S GUILD.

of which volunteer visitors are assigned, and the force of visitors is so large that they could visit every poor family living between the Battery and Harlem River in twenty-four hours. The visitors are furnished with cards; which, when properly filled up and signed, entitle the bearer to relief by the Guild. Wherever a deserving case is found these tickets are freely bestowed. No questions in regard to creed or race are ever asked by the visitors, and no distinction is made in regard to color. "Are you hungry?" "Have you shelter?" "Do you need clothing?" these are the important questions asked. Where there is need, that need is supplied. A Bible is not offered where a loaf of bread is required, or a sermon given where warm clothing is necessary. The body is made a fitting receptacle for the soul. But the work of the noble men and pure-souled women who are engaged in this charity does not end here. Words of comfort and encouragement, little acts of sympathy and kindness, kindly advice and unobtrusive moral instruction are scattered in the by-ways they visit. The seed thus sown brings forth flowers and fruit that not only beautify the earthly path of the human race, but make smooth, for many penitent souls, the way that leads to everlasting peace.



A SHANTY, NO. 550 WEST FORTIETH STREET, VISITED BY THE COMMITTEE.



INTERIOR OF NO. 550 WEST FORTIETH STREET, VISITED BY THE COMMITTEE.

NEW YORK CITY.—ST. JOHN'S GUILD—ITS WORK AT THE OFFICE AND AMONG THE POOR.



The doors of the Guild are always open to receive applicants for relief, and the crowds of unfortunates who daily throng the rooms in Varick Street find some of the members of the Guild ever ready to listen to their story of sorrow, and record their names, in order that one of the visitors may examine into the merits of the case. One of our illustrations gives a good idea of this scene. Good wholesome food is dealt out to the needy, in proportion to the number in each family to be relieved. Sufficient is given for a week's wants, and a ticket is also given for the next week's supply, which is continued as long as relief is necessary. The work of packing and dealing out these supplies keeps busy hands at work many hours each day.

The duties of the visitors make them acquainted with many scenes of misery and want as strange and touching as any ever portrayed by the novelist or dramatist. Families have been found weak from the want of food, children entirely naked, invalids lying uncared for in filthy cellars, men willing to work wandering hungry and homeless through the streets, delicate women, striving to maintain life and honor, sewing in bleak attics, and thousands of other like cases are brought to their notice. Our artist accompanied one of the visitors on a tour of duty, and presents a few sketches of places visited. In a dark, damp cellar, in the rear of No. 99 Allen Street, was found an American woman and two small children, without food or fuel, or sufficient clothing to venture in the streets. The only means these poor creatures had of keeping warm was to remain in bed and wrap the scanty bed-clothing about them. The rats invaded the place in such numbers that it was a continual struggle between the human occupants and the vermin for the possession of the miserable premises. Another place visited was 550 West Fortieth Street, where in a tumble-down shanty a poor Frenchwoman lived with six small children. Although suffering from the want of all the necessities of life, she managed to keep her little home and her children clean and tidy. Through the good offices of the Guild she has been placed in a position to comfortably support herself and little ones.

We advise all our readers to visit the headquarters of the Guild. One visit will satisfy any one of the usefulness of the organization. Visitors will find in the Rev. Alvah Wiswall a courteous, intelligent gentleman. Tall and erect, with a military rather than a clerical appearance, with a kind face and pleasing manner, and a thorough knowledge of the subject, he is well calculated for the position he occupies, and is ever ready to show the workings of the institution to visitors. In fact, the Guild courts investigation. Its printed reports are models of clearness and business-like arrangement, and virtually make the whole public auditors of their accounts; the names and addresses of all from whom supplies are purchased being given, as well as the articles and amounts paid.

The age of civilization is the age of cheapness, and it has never been exemplified better in this country than by the musical publications of Benj. W. Hitchcock, No. 355 Third Avenue, N. Y. Mr. Hitchcock, by his enterprise, has placed melody within the grasp of every one. The sublime strains of Strauss, Abt, Liszt, and those of the lighter and more popular French composers, do not belong exclusively to the palace any more, but, thanks to Mr. Hitchcock, are shared by the cottage. He will send a 20 half dime or 10 of a dime series of his publications to any address, on the receipt of one dollar. So there is no excuse for the lowliest life not being made musical.

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